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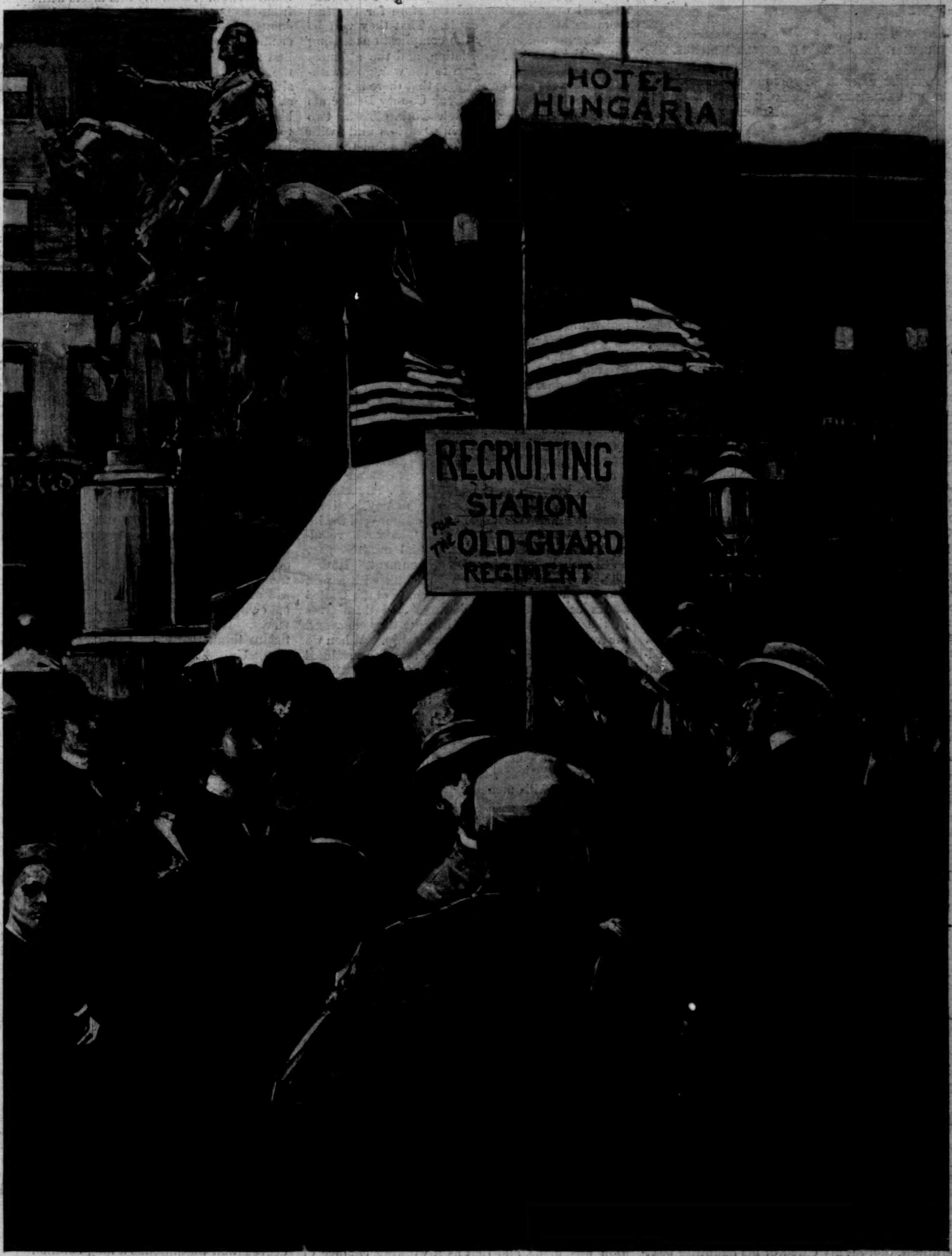


RECRUITING FOR THE WAR IN NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 7, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN R. SPEARS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, beginning next week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to War.*

THERE is a good deal of regret expressed by some of the newspapers that the war was begun, on our part, by an assault on the commerce of Spain, while Spain, in declaring war, has announced that American vessels in Spanish harbors may have thirty days during which they may depart in safety. The right to capture merchant property on the high seas is one of the remaining barbarisms of war; but while its existence may be regretted, the officers who participate in these captures are not to be blamed; on the contrary, they would have been derelict in their duty if they had refrained from making them. Notwithstanding the contention that war had not begun because it had not been formally declared by Congress, it is a fact that a state of war existed at the time of making the first capture, and that according to our formal declaration. Hostile acts are not excusable because of a declaration of war, but because of the fact of war. The first hostile step was taken by this government in ordering Spain out of her own territory, under pain of being ejected by force of arms if she refused to go voluntarily. The issue was joined when Spain accepted the alternative and handed Minister WOODFORD his passports. War then existed, and although Congress subsequently, at the request of the President, made a formal declaration, we think that no admiralty court would hesitate to hold that without that declaration the United States and Spain were actually belligerents. It was proper that Spain, in declaring war, should give due notice to the vessels within her ports. On our part, the President has granted a month for the departure of Spanish vessels from our own ports. But as to vessels upon the high seas, they become the proper objects of capture immediately on the breaking out of hostilities, and therefore the officers of the American fleets were bound to take every Spanish merchant-man that came in their way, and to search every neutral vessel for contraband of war.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT deserves a good deal of respect from his countrymen, even of those who, like ourselves, differ from his well-known and conscientiously held opinion that the crime of war is a public virtue. If Congress had been as self-contained and dignified as Mr. ROOSEVELT has apparently been in the preliminary days before the war, it would have gone into the conflict in a dignified and gentlemanly way, and not after the fashion of a scolding and screaming termagant. Having got through with the duties of preparation, Mr. ROOSEVELT now proposes to practise what he has always preached, and he is going to war, it is said, as Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of rough-riding cowboys and New York policemen. Mr. ROOSEVELT is a man of courage and intelligence, notwithstanding his perverted moral point of view of war, and he will know how to lead a cavalry regiment into action with dash and skill. Differ from him as we may, when war comes we know that we can pin our faith to him, and we know that he has nothing but the honor and welfare of his country in his mind and heart. If he goes to war, we sincerely trust that he will come back safely to a career of peaceful usefulness, thoroughly cured of his haunting bellicose chimeras.

THE corrupt gang which dominates the Democratic party of Chicago has won a signal victory, under the leadership of POWERS, in the formation of the committees of the Board of Aldermen, so that, notwithstanding what was supposed to have been the recent triumph of the reform party, POWERS, "Hinky Dink," and "Bath-House" JOHN are still in control of the city of Chicago, and are still friends and supporters of Mayor CARTER HARRISON. As Mr. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS pointed out in his article on "Wide Open Chicago," published not long since in the WEEKLY, all this corruption in Chicago municipal politics is encouraged by men like CARTER HARRISON as an aid to the silver cause. The rabble is being held together under the leadership of the ruffians for the purpose of promoting the interests of the present Democratic national organization, and therefore for the furtherance of the silver cause. That they will be aided in their design by the complications arising out of the financial legislation, and the attempts at financial legislation, due to the war, goes without saying. It also transpires that there is to be a combination between the Cook County Democrats and Tammany Hall of New York. These two precious bodies of plundering patriots unite with the design of dictating the candidates and the policy of the Democratic party in 1900. This is a consideration which sound-money Republicans and Democrats should bear in mind in considering possible financial legislation.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S retirement from the Department of State calls for some recognition of the debt that is due him from the country for his public services in the past. For more than forty years he has been a distinguished public figure; he served the country well during the war from 1861 to 1865, and while his conduct has been sometimes marked by eccentricity, which is apparently a family trait, it may be said of him, on the whole, that in his retirement the country says "good-by" to a faithful public servant, and to one whose political methods have been oftener those of a statesman than of a mere politician. Taking his career as a whole, too, he has been an able representative of sound-money views, and, as Secretary of the Treasury, he showed marked ability as a finance minister. We cannot say this, however, without qualification, because, at the bottom, Mr. SHERMAN is in favor of government paper money, and his speeches and actions have often encouraged the inflationists and greenbackers; but, as we have already said, his career as a financial minister was, on the whole, helpful to the government. He has been in recent years a kind of link with a past when men were elected to the Senate of the United States because they had distinguished themselves in the public service, and because they possessed the traits and abilities of statesmanship. When we think of this we realize all the more the sadness and tragedy of the closing days of Mr. SHERMAN'S public life. He has lived to see the public service degraded and seats in the Senate become mainly a question of bargain and sale. He has seen the body of which he once had the right to be proud, degraded and despised, and himself at last the victim of a political bargain, in pursuance of which one of the new-time Senators succeeded him, the failing of his mental powers through old age making him an easy assenter to the bargain. Mr. SHERMAN ought to have resigned his place in the cabinet long ago, because he has been unable to perform its duties, his intellectual vagaries not only having made him pitiable, but having endangered the welfare of the government. He ought not, in fact, to have been appointed to the office, and the country must be glad at last that he has gone, and that the duties of his place have been given over to younger and stronger hands.

WE are glad to see, from the report of the Ways and Means Committee accompanying the revenue bill, that the truth respecting the financial condition of the Treasury has at last been told. It will be recollected that when the bill granting the fund of $50,000,000 to the President, to be used at his discretion, was before the House of Representatives, Mr. CANNON, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, announced, with what we then thought to be an undue degree of boastfulness, that the money was in the Treasury, and that, unlike any other nation on earth, we could make such an appropriation from funds in hand. As a matter of fact, the money was in the Treasury, but it was the remains of a loan secured by Mr. CLEVELAND. Mr. DINGLEY now says that, taking out all the unavailable money from the cash balance, we had only $65,000,000, exclusive of the greenback redemption fund, at the time when the $50,000,000 appropriation was made, and that as a working balance of $40,000,000 is essential for the current operations of the government, the Treasury was really $25,000,000 short of the $50,000,000 called for by the emergency appropriation. Now we have that $25,000,000 to make up, also a probable deficit arising from the excess of ordinary expenditures over receipts of from $35,000,000 to $50,000,000 to provide against, besides the cost of the maintenance of the war, which, if the war continue for a year, will certainly amount to $500,000,000. It would be wise for Congress to anticipate the necessity of an increase of the revenues by at least $600,000,000. If the estimates of the Ways and Means Committee are correct, $90,000,000 of this increase is to be obtained from the restoration of old-time war internal-revenue taxation. In addition, an issue of $500,000,000 of ten-twenty three-per-cent. coin bonds is authorized. Naturally this meets with opposition from the Democrats and Populists, who are strong enough, apparently, in the Senate to give the government a good deal of trouble in its endeavor to find the money essential to the proper conduct of the war. They are already opposing any proposition that authorizes the issue of bonds, and insisting upon more silver currency and more greenbacks. In other words, the men who had most to do with bringing on the war intend to embarrass the government to the full extent of their capacity for evil, in its effort to secure the means to carry on the war. But do what they will, they cannot blind the country now to the fact that the government absolutely needs the money called for by the proposed bond issue, and that it is essential to sell the bonds, or else the government must a good deal more than double its revenue by taxation. At least, we trust that this is the alternative, and that the Republican House of Representatives will never agree to the issue of any more non-interest-bearing debt, or to the creation of any more silver currency.

A SHORT AND ENERGETIC WAR.

NOW that war is actually upon us, it is to be hoped that it will be short and the triumph of the United States complete. The war, so far as the United States is concerned, is peculiar. It is almost incredible that we should reap any advantage from it. Congress and the President have solemnly assured the world that we have no ulterior design of conquest or of territorial aggrandizement. We do not go to war for Cuba. We do not state this in the belief that we need to give assurance of our honesty of purpose. The world must accept that in the end, and our venomous German critics, who turn from entrenching their position in stolen Kiao-chau to rail at American greed, will doubtless eventually be compelled to swallow their grossly insolent words. It is quite possible that some of our politicians think that Cuba will be quietly made part of the United States after the war is over, but that they will find themselves mistaken none know better than the intelligent among the Jingoes. The plain fact is that Congress could not have declared war for the sake of conquest. The country would not have permitted it. Not only is there likely to be no acquisition of territory, but there will be no indemnity demanded, unless piratical acts by Spain make reprisal in the Philippines necessary. But we are not inclined to ask for money, or other material indemnity, in a war which has been undertaken for the sole purpose of driving a mediæval and barbarous survival out of the western hemisphere. Moreover, Spain is not likely to be able to respond in money damages. She is already exhausted by the Cuban insurrection, and the present struggle will enormously increase her burdens. She will be ruined by the war, as her last two ministers to this country have confessed, and this country will certainly not be so ungenerous as to drive her deeper in the mire than it must in order to gain good security for the future, nor overheap the too abundant measure of her sufferings.

We will probably lose every dollar expended for the conduct of the war, and we can gain no recompense for the money, for the loss of business, for the injuries that will be inflicted on our carrying trade, for all the material damage, and for all the moral sequences of war, the last being its most disastrous accompaniments. A short war will be merciful, then, to our own people. Although the whole nation is willing to pay all that is necessary for the victory that must be ours, no matter how long the war may last, it is not fair to compel it to pay more than is absolutely necessary. The war will ruin many—let it not ruin too many. Every day increases the social demoralization of the country, and more of glory than has ever yet been won in war would be essential to compensate for the degradation that attends a long conflict.

Another important reason why the war should

be short lies in the attitude of Europe. Whether we care, or do not care, for the opinions of "abroad," we must recognize and care for stubborn facts. We have already alluded to the attitude of Germany. We have not heard one friendly word from that country, from which so many hundreds of thousands of our foreign-born citizens have emigrated for the purpose of finding here a refuge from the tyranny of militarism there. France is unfriendly, and the newspapers of Paris, to the number of fifty or more, are denouncing us for the outrage which they allege we are committing against Spain. Only two or three French newspapers, chiefly socialistic, favor the United States in this struggle. Austria supports the daughter of her imperial house, now the Queen Regent of Spain. One Russian newspaper has spoken in our favor; but Russia is allied with France, and is just now on the verge of bad terms with England, our only European friend. Italy is with Austria and Germany. We have no doubt of the sincerity of the friendship of England. We believe, too, that there is much of sentiment in it, although the assertion is also doubtless true that England is seeking an alliance mainly in aid of material interests. We hope it is true, for an alliance based on sentiment, with no element of mutual material advantage, would not be of long duration. All that we can ask or expect of our English friends now, however, is strict neutrality. We not only expect nothing but this, but we would not like to be offered anything more.

Unfriendly Europe is looking on this contest with much hopeful interest. It is important for us, as the London *Spectator* points out, that we should at once establish the fact that we are a first-rate naval power—that is, that our officers and men are of the first quality. It has been the custom to believe, at least to say, that this country is safe from European aggression because no European power desires to make war on us, fearing the consequences on account of our enormous resources. We are now in a position to demonstrate whether this fear is justified by our character, whether we possess the military character and ability to make our resources tell in war. If we cannot drive the fleets of Spain off the seas at once, the prestige that has grown up about us will be lost, and unfriendly Europe will be pleased to believe that a quarrel with the great republic will not be, after all, such a serious affair for a first-class power as has been supposed. It will not do to lose our prestige in the eyes of Europe. The mere humiliation would be almost unendurable; but, more than that, the danger to our future peace and prosperity would be thereby greatly enhanced.

Besides, unfriendly Europe would rejoice for an excuse for justifiable intervention in behalf of Spain. It would be very foolish to overlook or underestimate the significance of the report that the Continental powers intend to hold us to a strict accountability if, in exercising our right to search neutral vessels for contraband of war, we exceed in the slightest degree our powers under the law of nations. Our tempers will be often tried, and our naval officers will be often exasperated, by objections interposed by unfriendly Europe to the manner in which neutrals have been treated by our war-ships. Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say that France would enjoy uniting even with Germany to compel us to stop the war against Spain, but both those nations would like to have us defeated, and the longer the war lasts, the more likely are they to find an occasion for intervention—that is, for attempting to save Spain and to humiliate us. When that time comes we shall undoubtedly have the help of England, but we would have already lost our prestige as a first-class power; and, besides, we surely do not desire to embroil the world because of our own incompetency to defeat a power like Spain in a very short time.

For three reasons—to save as much as possible of the terrible cost, which must all be borne by us; to maintain our place in the world for the safeguarding of our future welfare; and to prevent any possible complication with unfriendly Europe, as well as the further spread of war—the war should be short. And to this end naval and military enterprise should not be hampered. Civilian generals and colonels must be discouraged. Congress should relinquish, if it can, its custom of commanding the forces. The war should be quick and energetic if it is to be conclusive.

PARTISANSHIP AND THE WAR.

AT a public dinner in New York the other day Judge HOWLAND gave vigorous expression to the disgust with which serious people regard the recent performance of Congress. It was the manner, or rather the unmannerliness, of Congress in entering upon the war that gave color to the opinion which prevails throughout Europe that it is on our part a mere war of conquest. A great nation bent upon unselfishly redressing, in the interest of humanity, an evil that has become intolerable, should not enter upon its mission with the demeanor of a bar-room bully.

But having brought on the war, there was some reason to expect that Congress would take measures to conduct it vigorously. It was the business of Congress to provide for the war what MILTON calls "its two main sinews, iron and gold," and to provide these in the promptest and most efficient way. The unanimous vote of fifty millions for national defence was the first and the last exhibition of the patriotism which has no taint of personal or party selfishness.

We pointed out last week the good that "the friends of silver" might do by acquiescing, as a war measure, in the borrowing of money by the government on the most favorable terms. The debates show how, so far from welcoming the opportunity, the friends of silver thought the occasion opportune for the revival of all their abandoned schemes, from "coining the seigniorage" to the unlimited issue of greenbacks. Though they were promptly voted down in the House, they are not to be dealt with so summarily in the Senate. It would be a grotesque and painful spectacle if old Mr. STEWART of Nevada had to be removed, either by a sergeant-at-arms or a provost marshal, in order that a war of his own earnest seeking might peaceably proceed.

Concerning the military provision for the war the game of politics has been as unscrupulously played as concerning the financial preparations. It is perfectly evident that the Constitution and the laws do not contemplate any means of carrying on a foreign war except the regular army and navy. When, two years and more ago, the Jingoes in Congress tried to force the hand of President CLEVELAND, as they have since tried to force the hand of President MCKINLEY, the question how they were to support the action they favored might have occurred to them, and would have occurred to responsible men. They knew that the recognition of the belligerency of the Cubans, and, much more, of the independence of Cuba, would be regarded by Spain as an unfriendly act, and that the latter might be resented by a declaration of war. The first resolution for the recognition of the Republic of Cuba ought to have been accompanied by a bill to increase the army to 100,000 men. If that had been done, we should now be in possession of a trained and equipped force which might accomplish the object of expelling Spain from Cuba before the beginning of the Cuban rainy season.

Not only was this not done, but when the war actually came, and found us ill prepared for defence, and not prepared at all for offensive operations, the very men who had done their utmost to bring it on refused to provide for carrying it on in the cheapest and most efficient way. As the issue of a gold bond seemed to nullify the free-silver plank of the Chicago platform, so the enlargement of a force which had been and might again be used to preserve public order seemed to threaten the free-riot plank of the same instrument. The Military Committee of the House reported a sensible bill for the increase of the army, and the various elements of ignorance, silliness, and disorder in the House prevented its passage. In its place there was reported and passed a bill for the organization of a volunteer army, which has proved to be so confused and clumsy as to be almost unworkable, and under which it is certain that we shall get no trustworthy re-enforcements to the army for six months. Meanwhile we have assumed the task of driving fifty or sixty thousand Spanish soldiers out of Cuba with an effective army of less than twenty thousand men.

Such is the manner in which a foreign war brings us all together and sinks patriotism in politics. It ought to be said that the Democrats have not been alone in putting their party before their country. Mr. GROSVENOR of Ohio made an indiscreet remark about this being "a Republican war," by which, it appears, he did not mean what he seemed to mean, but which sorely needed to be explained away. And Mr. DINGLEY could not even bring in a bill for additional taxation without prefacing it with some irrelevant and absurd apologetics for his deficit-producing tariff. But, perhaps partly because they were in opposition, partly because they allowed themselves to be led by a statesman of the calibre of Mr. BAILEY of Texas, but mainly because they have been consistently in the wrong, the Democrats have suffered far more in public estimation than their opponents. They have opened a generous credit for the Republicans with the American people. For many years the political capital of each party has been the mistakes of the other. But it is scarcely conceivable that the administration can make so many and so grievous mistakes in what remains of its life as to incline any sober-minded person to transfer his support to the Democratic party as at present constituted and led.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Monday, April 11.—Message of the President on Cuba, recommending that he have power to intervene forcibly without "recognizing at this time the independence of the present insurgent government." The issue left with Congress.

Wednesday, April 13.—The House passed a resolution directing the President to intervene in Cuba at once, and authorizing him to use the land and naval forces of the United States to stop the war.

Saturday, April 16.—The Senate passed a joint resolution, as a substitute for the House resolution, declaring the island to be free, recognizing the republic, demanding relinquishment of authority in Cuba by Spain, and withdrawal of Spanish forces; directing the President to call out the militia in addition to regular land and naval forces, and, finally, disclaiming any intention to annex the island.

Monday, April 18.—Memorandum of Spain to the powers—practically an appeal.

Tuesday, April 19.—Senate resolution adopted by the House, with the proviso recognizing the republic of Cuba stricken out. Both Houses agreed to the report in this form. Speech of Prime-Minister Sagasta in the Senate Chamber, Madrid—"We prefer to ruin ourselves and be abandoned by all, rather than" let Cuba go.

Wednesday, April 20.—Ultimatum to Spain, cabled at 11 A. M.—a formal demand that Spain at once (*i. e.*, before the hour of noon, April 23) relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

President signed Cuban joint resolutions at 11.24.

Señor Polo y Bernabé, the Spanish minister, was notified. He at once requested his passports.

At the opening of the Cortes, the meeting of which had been advanced four days, a speech from the throne by the Queen Regent, invoking the support of the Spanish people.

Thursday, April 21.—Secretary Sherman's despatch delivered to General Woodford, the American minister at Madrid. Immediately after the despatch had been placed in his hands General Woodford received a note from the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, informing him that diplomatic relations no longer existed between the United States and Spain. General Woodford placed the American legation and all American interests and citizens in Spain in the care of the British embassy.

The President directed the Secretary of the Navy to order the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron to proceed without delay to Cuban waters to blockade Havana and other ports of the island.

Saturday, April 23.—President McKinley signed the proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers.

Chairman Dingley introduced the war-revenue bill in the House.

Monday, April 25.—Formal declaration of war recommended by the President, and a bill "declaring that war exists between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain," passed by both Houses.

Secretary-of-State John Sherman resigned.

The Secretary of War, R. A. Alger, sent despatches to the Governors of States and Territories calling for the troops authorized by the President's proclamation.

Tuesday, April 26.—An additional circular note to the powers was issued by Spain, characterizing the conduct of General Fitzhugh Lee as "execrable," and predicting that the island of Cuba will not be declared pacified until "it is ready for annexation."

Questioned as to the Spanish government's attitude in regard to privateering, Premier Sagasta made an evasive reply.

A despatch states that Commodore Dewey, commanding the Asiatic squadron, has been ordered to await definite instructions before attacking Manila.

The President by proclamation reaffirmed the intention of this government to "adhere to the Declaration of Paris," and defined the rights and privileges of Spanish ships in American waters.

Wednesday, April 27.—First action of the war: The *New York*, *Puritan*, and *Cincinnati* bombarded and silenced the forts at Matanzas.

Commodore Dewey's squadron sailed from Mirs Bay for Manila at two o'clock in the afternoon.

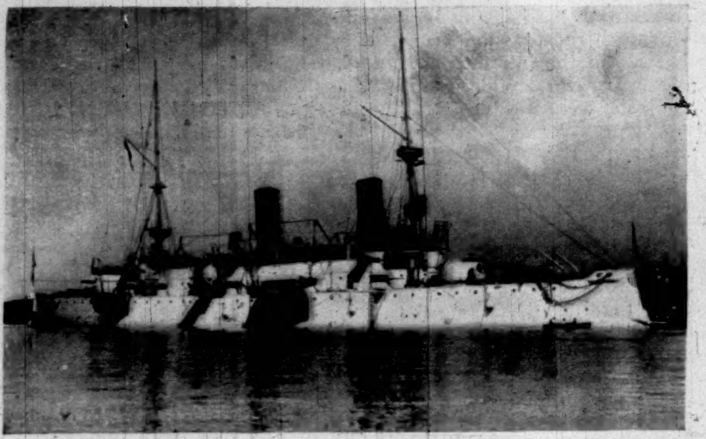
Friday, April 29.—A despatch from Lisbon says that the *Official Gazette* to-day published the neutrality decree of Portugal. (Other governments that in the course of this week declared neutrality: Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, Colombia, Mexico, Russia, France, Korea, Argentine Republic, Japan, and Uruguay.)

A Spanish squadron, comprising the cruisers *Maria Teresa*, *Almirante Oquendo*, *Vizcaya*, and *Cristobal Colon*, and the torpedo-boat destroyers *Pluton*, *Terror*, and *Furor*, sailed from Cape Verde Islands this morning. Its destination not known.

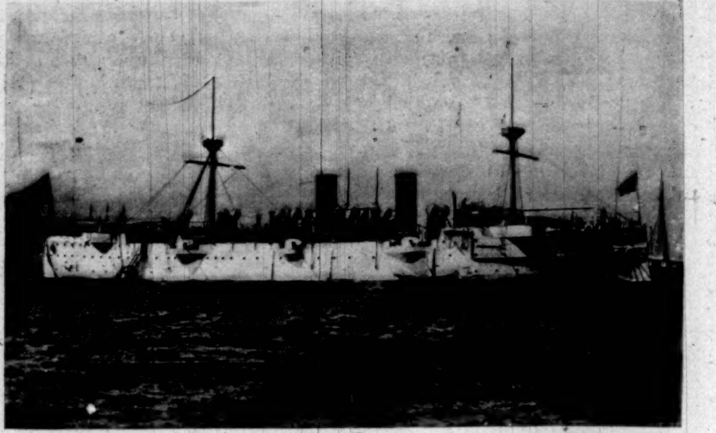
Near Port Cabañas, Cuba, the *New York* fired on and dispersed a company of Spanish cavalry.

Saturday, April 30.—Two noteworthy arrivals: The steamer *Paris*, which sailed after the outbreak of hostilities, reached her pier in New York; the battle-ship *Oregon* arrived at Rio Janeiro from San Francisco.

Sunday, May 1.—Victory for American fleet off Manila.



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "OLYMPIA"—1ST RATE, 5870 TONS.



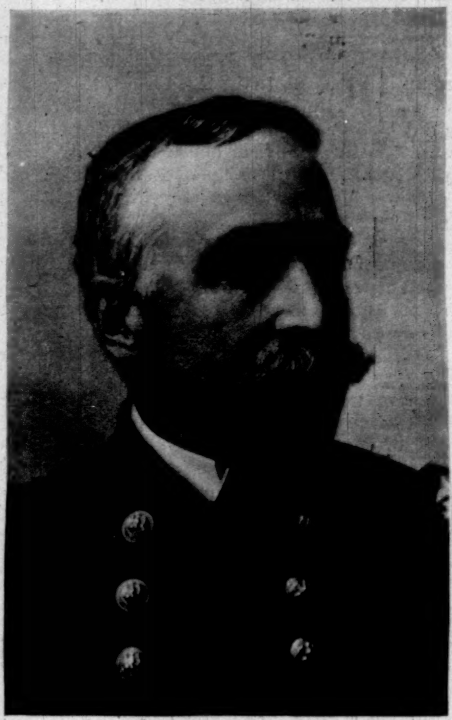
U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "BALTIMORE"—2D RATE, 4413 TONS.

OUR FLEET AND SPAIN'S IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE vessels in Commodore Dewey's fleet consist of the cruisers *Olympia*, *Raleigh*, *Baltimore*, and *Boston*, and the gunboats *Concord* and *Petrel*. The revenue-cutter *McCulloch* and two transports complete the list. The cruisers and gunboats are capable of the sharpest kind of fighting, and are armed with modern high-power guns, most of them being of the quick-firing kind.

Spain has in her fleet only these vessels capable of modern naval fighting, cruisers *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Velasco*, *Don Juan de Austria*, and a dozen or more gunboats, most of which are about as large as good-sized tugs, and made of iron and wood, with antiquated guns, complete her fleet. The total tonnage of our fighting cruisers and gunboats amounts to 19,098 tons. The total tonnage of Spain's real fighting-ships amounts to 8722 tons. Our high-power guns outmatch the high-power guns on the Spanish ships more than four to one. Moreover, our guns are comparatively new, while most of those on the Spanish vessels are of a type now discarded in naval warfare. As to the men behind the guns, the performance at the bombardment of Matanzas is an indication as to the merits of the respective abilities of the men of our forces and those of Spain.

The *Reina Cristina* is the only formidable vessel of the Spanish fleet, but her guns are of the old fashioned Hontoria design. She was finished in 1887, and is the most modern of the fleet. Her tonnage is 3090, and she is just about a match, other things being equal, for our *Raleigh* of 3183 tons. Our *Olympia*, one of the most splendid of our ships, is of 5870 tons, and there is no worthy antagonist for her in Spain's fleet. The *Boston* is of 3000 tons; the *Baltimore*, 4413 tons; the *Concord*, 1710 tons; the *Petrel*, 892 tons. Spain's *Castilla*, built of wood, is of 3342 tons; *Velasco*, iron, 1139 tons; *Don Juan de Austria*, iron, 1152 tons. A glance shows the superiority in fighting abilities of our ships: our ships are modern, and Spain's make a miscellaneous collection of steel, iron, and wooden craft.



COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, U.S.N.
Photograph by Bell.

But as to Spain's gunboats? Only one of the fleet in the Orient is worthy of a place in the naval annuals, and she is of 528 tons—the *General Leyo*. There are two other gunboats of about 500 tons—*El Cano* and *Marques del Duero*. Among the other gunboats are such vessels as the *Paragua*, *Callao*, *Samar*, *Pampagna*, and *Arayat*. These average about 140 tons each; all of them are of slow speed. Spain, according to naval strategists, is completely outclassed in the Philippines by the United States.

CHICKAMAUGA.

I.

AUTUMN, 1863.

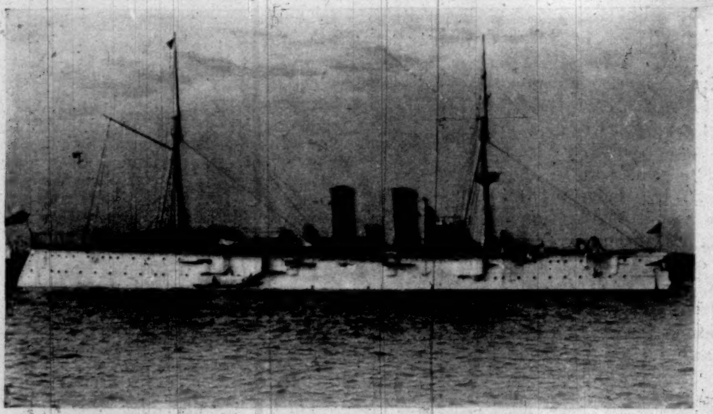
FROM shuddering trees the painted leaves
  Strew redder dyes of crimsoned sod;
And brave men lie in ghastly sheaves,
  As whirled there by the wrath of God.
Gray vapors hum with wings of death,
  Whose roll-call speeds its fierce alarms;
And life sighs, "Here!" with parting breath
  Where bleeding thousands ground their arms.
For brothers face each other's steel,
  Grim suitors in the last appeal.

II.

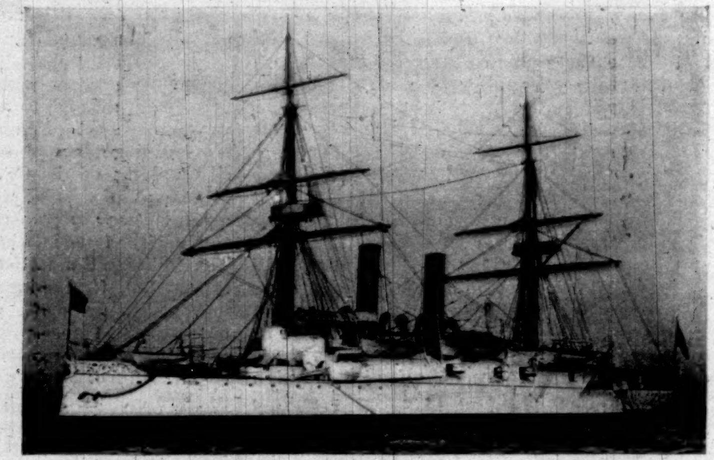
SPRING, 1898.

From laughing leas the bugles sing,
  More shrill than bird to nesting mate.
O'er tented slopes the war-notes ring,
  And time again the tramp of fate.
Bright oriflamme of liberty,
  Our bannered blazon flaunts the sky,
And hails the "sun-burst" in the sea,
  A gallant people's anguished cry.
Now brothers touch in common weal
  To right that foreign wrong with steel.

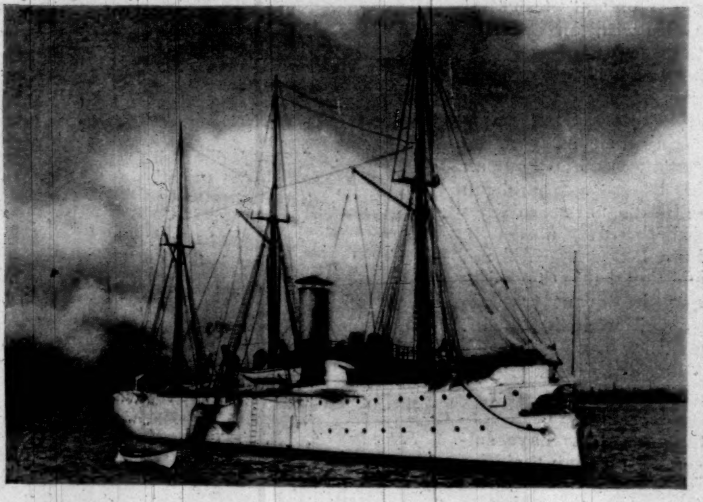
G. T. FERRIS.



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "RALEIGH"—2D RATE, 3213 TONS.



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "BOSTON"—2D RATE, 3000 TONS.



U. S. GUNBOAT "CONCORD"—3D RATE, 1710 TONS.
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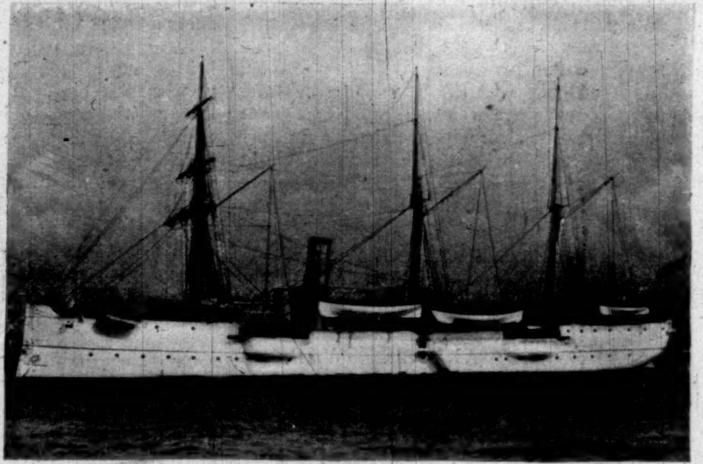


U. S. GUNBOAT "PETREL"—4TH RATE, 892 TONS.

THE ASIATIC SQUADRON.

U. S. NAVAL VESSELS IN COMMODORE DEWEY'S EXPEDITION TO SPAIN'S POSSESSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

WASHINGTON—ACTIVITY IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

THIS BUSY WORLD

A CHICAGO paper says that the current type of Uncle Sam which all the picture-makers use is not characteristic of anything American, and wants it replaced by a new and contemporaneous conception. It complains that the cartoonists represent the figure that should typify American courage, energy, and enterprise as "a long, thin-legged, hollow-chested, straggle-bearded nondescript," with trousers half up to his knees, and attended by a disreputable turkey-buzzard. There is some basis for the complaint, but the hope for modernizing Uncle Sam must be faint even among persons who would like to see it done. The figure is historically reminiscent, even though it fails in most respects of being contemporaneously representative. There used to be many Uncle Sams in New England, and the type is by no means extinct there even now.

The second trial of Mate Bram of the barkentine *Herbert Fuller* ended in Boston on April 21 with a verdict of "guilty, but without capital punishment." The jury was out eleven hours. Nine were for conviction, three for acquittal, and the verdict as found was a compromise. The trial was under the Federal law, which has recently been changed to admit such verdicts as the one found, which would not be admissible under the State law of Massachusetts. The result has been very much discussed, and great fault found with it. The trial lasted five weeks, and is believed to have been the longest criminal trial ever held in Massachusetts. There may be another one, as Bram's counsel calls the verdict "a cowardly compromise in a capital case," and may take further action.

The great surplus of food for current thought and conversation, and the need of exchanging ideas and information, have quickened all the social instincts. People have to get together and talk about the war. The newspapers keep filling up our minds, and the need of a vent is imperative. A piece in one of the New York newspapers the other day described the condition of things in a big downtown office building. It is infested with lawyers, but none of them was doing any work. All of them were gathered in groups, talking about "the war." It is pretty much so everywhere. Work is not absolutely at a standstill. Beer, dry-goods, and groceries are still sold; the street cars run; letters are brought and sent; doctors are as busy as ever. Not all working-people can stop to talk as long as the downtown lawyers, who feel, no doubt, that discussion of the situation is a professional duty, to be thoroughly attended to, and perhaps charged for; but just as much time as any live person can spare from business and newspaper-reading goes nowadays to war talk. Women talk war just as much as men, though from a slightly different stand-point. Husbands come home and get war talk gleaned by their wives in sorties into the social world, as, for example: "Mrs. Blank said: 'You know my boy is in it. He belongs to the Naval Reserves. I said good-by to him three times yesterday. A telegram came for him before he was up. We embraced and parted, and he rushed away, but got home again at one o'clock. Another telegram came at half past two, and we parted again. He got back at six, and finally left at half past eight. The nervous strain of all this parting is pretty serious. When he got back on Monday from the *Nahant*, he had to soak for an hour in a bath-tub before he was clean enough to recognize, and his clothes had to be boiled.'"

The uncertainty about the prospects of the National Guard is a great promoter of anxiety and consequent discourse. All the organized militia associations include men who ought to stay at home and look after their families. Nothing but the most strenuous necessity could warrant some of these men in going to war, yet if the National Guard regiments are ordered away in bodies under their own officers, or enlist as organizations, it will be very hard for such men to reconcile themselves to staying at home. Discussion of their case greatly increases the volume of domestic war talk.

These must be anxious times, too, in families that have grown sons in colleges. The colleges are stirred everywhere, and all seem to have organized companies of students, who drill industriously. From many colleges already come reports of students who have gone off to enlist. Every lad who suffers from the idiosyncrasy known as "sporting blood" wants to go. Not all of them will go at once. Most college men are still under parental control, and won't enlist without a home endorsement. Then, too, there is a pretty general feeling that this first call for troops will be met by men who are "aching to go," and who are so situated that they can get away without very grievous sacrifice, and without imperilling the welfare of others. The sense of duty that drives men in civil life to offer themselves at any sacrifice of personal advantage or obligation is hardly operative yet. The necessities of the case are as yet not strenuous enough to call it into action, but it is latent, and thousands of men who are not eager are ready to go whenever it shall seem that their turn has come.

No gentleman who is familiarly known to the American public has a bigger endowment of the element of "sporting blood" mentioned above than Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, so there is nothing unexpected in the news that he has resigned his office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy and will take the field at the head of a cohort of cowboys and ranchmen gathered from the border of the Rocky Mountains. No doubt active service in the field will be a good deal more agreeable to a man of Mr. Roosevelt's ardent temperament than administrative work in Washington, yet the popular conception of his usefulness in his present place is such that his resolution to change his job is regretted. He says, however, that the work of naval preparation to which he has devoted himself is finished, and that he has earned his release; and that, moreover, he has talked so much war talk in the last fifteen years that he simply *must* get out his weapons and go with the troops. No doubt everything that could be said to convince him of the error of this attitude has already been said, and there is nothing left but to impress upon him the superior wholesomeness of boiled water and the importance of dry feet.

It is good to hear that Admiral Erben is in active service again, and in charge of our coast defences. It was suggested, when that doughty officer asked to be retired, that his valuable services would still be available in case of war. The recall of Captain Mahan is also interesting, if true. When he started abroad, a month or two ago, doubt was expressed about his staying long, and it was reported that he shared it himself to the extent of changing his plans so as to make provision against an unexpected return. It is reported that he is to be a member of the Strategy Board, from which Mr. Roosevelt is about to retire, and of which Admirals Sicard and Walker are members.

The severe financial pressure under which Mr. John Jacob Astor must habitually labor seems not to have availed to squeeze the patriotism out of him, or even to compress his feelings as an American into a condition of mere receptiveness. Capital is proverbially timid, and we are used to the expectation that even if it does not hang back in troublous times, it will go very slow, and emulate the caution of an elephant crossing an unfamiliar bridge. But this characteristic of accumulations is not illustrated in Mr. Astor's case. He has pitched in, if not absolutely for all he is worth, at least with very commendable fervor and alacrity. He has offered his yacht to the government, is transporting troops free over sundry railroads which he owns, is fitting out, or desires to fit out, a battery of artillery at his own cost, and has applied to be appointed on the staff of the first military commander who leads an expedition to Cuba. It is tolerably evident that Mr. Astor is a pretty good patriot, and something more than an orderly passenger on the American ship of state.

Here is a picture of Mr. John F. Carroll, vice-chairman of the Finance Committee of Tammany Hall, and head of the Tammany organization during the absence in Europe of Mr. Richard Croker:

JOHN F. CARROLL.

Mr. Carroll's political history is the record of a long and active association with Tammany Hall. It began twenty-five years ago, in what was the Twentieth (now the Twenty-second) Assembly District, where he was associated with Mr. Robert A. Van Wyck, who is now Mayor of New York. He became the Tammany leader in his district, which under his leadership became a Tammany stronghold. In 1879 Justice Smyth appointed him clerk of the grand jury. He was subsequently made clerk of the Seventh District Civil Court, and still later clerk of the Court of Special Sessions. In 1891 the judges of the Court of General Sessions chose him to be clerk of that court, which place he now holds, conjointly with that of clerk of the criminal branch of the Supreme Court. These last appointments took him somewhat out of active politics, but his voice has continued to be influential in Tammany counsels. As executive member of the Twenty-ninth Assembly District, in which he now lives, he is the friend and companion of Mr. Croker, whose chief adviser he was in the campaign last fall. He has recently been elected a sachem of Tammany—a rank which it is doubtless proper that a temporary head of the organization should enjoy.

The statement in a recent issue of the WEEKLY that the Massachusetts Legislature had determined to refer the question of who shall vote for Harvard overseers to the graduates who vote at present was premature. After much discussion the bill failed to pass. The Massachusetts Senate voted on April 15 to refer the matter to the next General Court, but final action seems not yet to have been taken.

The new names bestowed upon two of the American line steamships which have been chartered by the government seem not to have given entire satisfaction in all quarters. The *St. Paul* and *St. Louis* will keep the names they have, but the *New York* is now the *Harvard* and the *Paris* is to be the *Yale*. The *Army and Navy Journal* considers that these are deplorable names to fight under, and thinks that a chance was lost to honor some of our naval heroes—Bainbridge, Hull, Lawrence, or Paul Jones. But as the new names are only for temporary use, the matter seems of no very vital moment. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and doubtless it will be found that it takes more than a pacific designation to quell the martial ardor of a cruiser.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Let us not mourn if some things are done in this heat of war preparation which some time we may smile to recall.

Yale has issued a call for four million dollars—not to buy cruisers or put itself in a state of defence, but simply to qualify it for the more thorough prosecution of the business of education. President Dwight in his annual report names this round sum as about what Yale will need within the next six or seven years, and reports that the corporation has matured a scheme for finding it. He wants a big university hall, to cost $500,000, and sums ranging from $60,000 to $500,000 for the Divinity School, the Law School, the Medical School, a professorship of architecture, the musical department, the graduate department, the academic department, the Scientific School, a pension fund, an addition to the university funds, and the library. It is proposed that at least $1,500,000 of this money shall be raised before the bicentennial celebration in October, 1901, and that part of it shall be put to immediate use to build the big university hall, which it would be so particularly convenient to have in time for the celebration. What Yale seriously undertakes is very apt to be accomplished sooner or later. There are very long pockets in the garments of some Yale graduates, and very enthusiastic sentiments in Yale bosoms, and though the present summer seems not likely to be a favorable time to raise funds, whenever the Yale extortioners set themselves seriously to their task we shall doubtless see imposing results.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States, which has shown so freely of late the strength of its convictions as to the inexpediency of alcoholic beverages, shows some signs of a disposition to develop an analogous opposition to tobacco. The General Assembly of 1870 voted that "the use of tobacco was demoralizing in its tendency, and should be discountenanced by all who profess the Christian name." In 1879 the assembly resolved that "no student addicted to tobacco in any form be granted aid by the board," and it has thrice reaffirmed this resolution. An extension of the same principle is contemplated in the form of a resolution to be offered at the General Assembly which meets at Omaha on May 24, directing that no minister who uses tobacco shall engage in home mission work as a beneficiary of home mission funds, and that no one who uses tobacco shall be employed by the General Assembly or Board of Home Missions in administrative or clerical capacity and paid out of home mission funds. "Millions for missions, but not one cent for tobacco," seems to express a sentiment that will be pretty strong in the assembly, though perhaps not strong enough to dominate it.

A great many people doubt the expediency of using tobacco, but a great many others find it, on the whole, a servant so useful that its advantages make up for its drawbacks. That the use of it is demoralizing in its tendency may be true, but whether the demoralizing tendency is serious enough to call for special legislation by the assembly is another question. A majority of mankind would probably admit that the world would apparently be better off without rum, but there would be by no means a like concurrence of opinion that it would be better off without tobacco.

The objection to all unnecessary restraint of the liberty of adult human beings must obtain in considerable measure, even when the individuals are Presbyterian mission-workers. If the laborer is worthy of the hire that the mission funds afford, it would seem as if he should be competent to determine how much of his pay, if any, he shall spend for tobacco. However, the brethren are entirely within their province in making conditions about the expenditure of mission funds, and if the sentiment against tobacco is strong enough in the assembly to secure the passage of the resolution proposed, it is doubtless correspondingly strong among the class of Presbyterians from which the mission-workers are recruited.

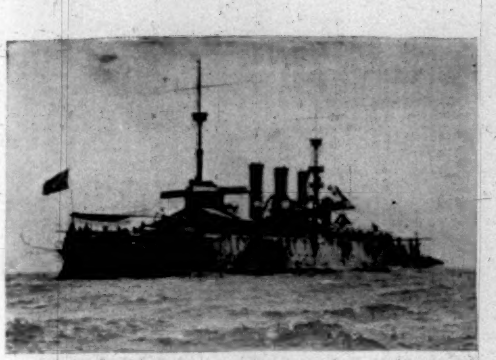
Persons who have sympathy to spare after feeling for the Cuban reconcentrados, Spain, ourselves, and all sufferers by war, pestilence, and famine, are invited to bestow some of their surplus on persons of an adventurous disposition who went months ago to the Klondike under the impression that there would be more excitement, peril, discomfort, and general devilment up there this spring than anywhere else on earth. How these restless enthusiasts will feel when they discover that war has been hatched in the tropics in their absence is something for the imaginative to try to picture. The men who are Klondikers for business reasons will doubtless be thankful that a counter-attraction has developed to draw off the crowd that threatened to swarm all over the new gold country, but those who went largely for sport or in search of material for stories will grieve and worry. There is something exhilarating in being on the spot of earth that all the world is looking at, but to have toiled and starved and frozen and fought to reach that spot, and then to find all the world looking another way, is very like the sarcasm of destiny.

A newspaper writer, who describes Admiral Sampson as he appeared at Key West, says of him,

His ordinary walk is rather slow and methodical, but he can play a lively game at lawn-tennis when he chooses, and his strokes are quick and accurate.

What will our football friends, who have lauded their favorite game as a great school for warriors, say to this suggestion, that the man on whose fighting abilities the country especially relies has been used to buttress his fortitude with practice in so mild a sport as innocuous lawn-tennis?

Mr. Chapman's picture of the *New York*, in the WEEKLY for April 23, has moved a number of readers and observers to remonstrate against the representation of a war-ship with her bridge and wheel-house over her quarter-deck facing aft. One remonstrant, less polite than his brethren, and who signs himself "a well-wisher and one who dislikes fakes," declares that pictures like the one in question hold the WEEKLY up to ridicule. Now the WEEKLY is human, and errors get into it in spite of constant effort to keep them out, but such uncommon pains is taken to make its naval war pictures true and accurate that a critic who thinks he finds a blunder in them should make very sure that he is right. Mr. Carlton T. Chapman, who drew that picture of the *New York*, knows a good deal about ships, and how they look and what belongs on them, and, besides, was on the spot, and doubtless had the *New York* before him. The reason he put



U. S. CRUISER "NEW YORK."

that bridge and chart-house where he did is because they belong there. The *New York* at present has these conveniences at both ends, as appears in the photograph herewith. When one bridge and chart-house are carried away in a fight, it is often handy to have another. So if any one is to be held up to ridicule on account of that picture, it must be neither the artist nor the WEEKLY, but whoever placed them on the ship.

It seems that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has either got back to earth from Cape Town, or is on the way. It is well. These are times when every contemporaneous person feels a strong personal need of being where he can see what is going on and supervise the making of history.

Some interesting and useful results are expected as a consequence of the unwillingness of Americans, who had planned to spend the summer abroad, to carry out their intentions. A great deal of money will be spent at home which would have been spent in Europe; some persons who really needed the experience will learn that, after all, this is not such a bad country to spend the summer in, and perhaps the profuse Americans will be missed enough in Europe to bring about a warmer appreciation of their useful qualities. If absence makes the Gallic heart grow somewhat fonder, it will certainly do no harm.

The considerations which are keeping Americans at home seem to be largely considerations of sentiment. Going to England in a British steamer is as safe this summer as it ever was, and more than commonly interesting, because of the chances of seeing war-ships and, maybe, a sea-fight on the way. But folks don't like to leave home until they learn more about what's going to happen, and to whom, and when. They want to be more sure than they are as yet that they will find Uncle Sam's country here when they get back. E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

April 16, 1898.

MANY things combine at the present juncture to unite all white men who speak the English language. There is scarcely a feature in the political situation of the civilized world that does not tend to increase the mutual sympathies of the United States and Great Britain. America is on the brink of war with an ancient enemy of Britain. It is three hundred and ten years since the ancestors of the American people with British blood in their veins encountered a Spanish armada. Breathless interest is felt in the opening scenes of the great drama about to be played by American seamen and soldiers. The feeling of the people is strongly and intensely in favor of the United States. There is reason to believe that the British Admiralty was approached by the officer of the United States navy accredited for the purpose of obtaining desirable additions to your navy, with the view of buying a second-class cruiser from the British government. Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, after consulting his naval advisers, found himself unable to accede to the request—if it was actually made. There is no manner of doubt that the British navy is decidedly short of cruisers. Some authorities place the deficiency as high as one hundred vessels of that class. Still, a golden opportunity was lost of proving to the American people that, notwithstanding our family disputes in times of peace, the smell of gunpowder is sufficient to convince them that blood is thicker than water. Other means, however, will be found of indirectly furthering American interests, and although these means are not so immediately visible to the eye of the man in the street, they are none the less effective for the purpose of helping the objects of the United States and hindering the plans of Spain.

I write plainly upon this matter, because it is well that the American people should understand that there is no party in this country, as there was thirty-four years ago, either openly or secretly desirous of injuring the American republic. English sympathy with the United States has risen to a higher point than it has touched for years. Such sympathy for Spain as exists is for the under dog—an under dog without merits. It would be a thousand pities to spoil the healthier state of feeling that now exists between the two countries by an ill-judged effort to force on an offensive and defensive alliance. On the other hand, there is much that may be done to ripen an Anglo-Saxon alliance based on the principle of keeping the sea open as a wide common for all mankind, and secondly, of resisting the attack of foreign powers on any one of the English-speaking peoples. No alliance or agreement of any kind is worth much that does not promote the material interests of both the signatories. An Anglo-American understanding would undoubtedly do so, and would constitute the best peace society the world has yet seen. The European powers do not love you. The American union represents freedom, and freedom is abhorrent to military despotisms. That great power is sobering in its effect on healthy minds is shown in the gallant efforts of President McKinley to avoid hostilities. One result of this policy is to convert Englishmen, whose enthusiasm for the States may have been diminished by the tail-twisting process to which John Bull has been subjected at various times, into earnest supporters of an Anglo-American understanding. You may not want our help—but it is ready when you need it. No British government would stand a week that showed sympathy for Spain.

Mr. E. J. Phelps's letter to ex-Governor Morton on the Cuban situation has produced an extraordinary impression. The courage of such an appeal to the best intelligence and character of the nation, written at a moment of crisis, is profoundly appreciated. All the English papers devote the principal portion of their columns to the American and Spanish question, although there are other matters of the highest importance affecting the interests and the stability of British rule in various parts of the world clamoring for attention.

The battle on the Atbara, where General Kitchener has crowned the edifice of many years of labor by a crushing defeat of the Dervish forces, has come just at the right time for Britain. The triumph of Russian diplomacy in the Far East, the cynical and contemptuous action of Russia in seizing Port Arthur in the teeth of the British intimation that the territorial integrity of China was one of the highest of British interests, was followed by an immediate change of policy on the part of the cabinet. The reversion to Wei-hai-wei, when the Japanese leave it, is considered by the best naval experts to be a satisfactory answer to the Russian seizure of Port Arthur. The Gulf of Pe-chi-li will now be dominated by a British fleet. With a safe harbor and a secondary naval base within reach, British influence at Peking will be maintained, and the trade of the world with China will thus be assured against the exclusion menaced by Russia and France. Sir Charles Dilke, whose authority on foreign affairs is second to that of no member of the House of Commons, informs me that the question of garrison for Wei-hai-wei is one of the highest importance. From ten to eighteen thousand men would be required for the garrison. Britain has not ten to eighteen thousand men to spare, and the assumption, generally, is that arrangements with Japan are, or will be made, for the quartering of sufficient troops in the new Gibraltar Britain has acquired in the China seas. With Japanese troops and the British navy the post would be impregnable.

The victory on the Atbara has had another effect. The German Emperor, who has been unable to pay his annual visit to Cowes ever since his memorable telegram to President Kruger, has descended from the fence, and has fired off telegraphic congratulations to the Queen, to Lord Cromer, and to the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener. Probably these congratulations are as much the result of impulse as his telegram to Kruger. His Majesty's lively temperament and journalistic methods notwithstanding, the approach of better relations between England and Germany are to be welcomed, as an understanding between the three Protestant powers—Great Britain, the United States, and Germany—would make for righteousness, peace, industry, liberty, and law all over the world. Although the immediate danger of hostilities breaking out in the Far East has passed away, close attention is being given to the means that would be adopted for maintaining her interests by Great Britain against two great naval powers. It would only be under conditions of extraordinary pressure that England would adopt the extreme course of closing the Suez Canal, but in view of the danger to our Asiatic possessions, it is interesting to consider the effects of so doing on the various nations concerned. Strategically the principal sufferer would be Russia. United States interests would scarcely be affected, and therefore the risk of injury to a friend while dealing a blow at an enemy would be reduced to a minimum. Russian re-enforcements of men and material are despatched from Odessa to Vladivostok in the vessels of her volunteer fleet. When the Suez Canal is closed, and until the railway is complete, Russian troops and munitions of war must go round the Cape of Good Hope, and run the gauntlet of British cruisers at half a dozen places on the voyage. The Russian fleet in the Far East would therefore be dependent for success on local supplies of coal and the materials of war, while the waste of men after heavy fleet engagements could not be repaired. Furthermore, if the Suez Canal were closed, France would have but one egress from the Mediterranean, and that under the guns of Gibraltar and the British fleet. These results constitute an immense advantage to England, as coaling stations between Portsmouth and Hong-kong are stored with coal, and adequately defended. By closing the canal any possible re-enforcements to our enemies' fleets would be delayed for at least two months, with every reasonable chance of destroying them on the way out.

Owing to the Easter holidays, every one has been out of town, the majority apparently resorting to golf for recreation and relief from the binding interest of affairs. At Littlehampton, one of our finer sea-side links, I saw the Secretary of State for India playing as eagerly as though Chitral did not exist, and the Afridi campaign had been conceived and carried out with the strategy of Napoleon and the economy of Kitchener. Golf is beginning to play a serious part in politics, and the fact of the First Lord of the Treasury's handicap having been reduced to eight has suggested to some jocose members of Parliament, profoundly dissatisfied with the present conduct of foreign affairs, the advisability of submitting the following resolution to the House of Commons:

"That in the opinion of this House the handicap of eight, accorded to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, implies a degree of proficiency in the game of golf inconsistent with proper devotion to the interests of the public service."

It is probable that any such motion would be ruled out of order, for the English people like their rulers to participate in the amusements and exercises popular with the nation. Lord Rosebery gained rather than lost by his successes on the turf. Lord Palmerston's love of racing endeared him to a large body of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Chamberlain's abstention from any form of exercise is rather a hinderance than a help to his career. Lord Salisbury suffers under the same disability, carriage exercise being the only form of athletics in which the Prime Minister has indulged for many years, though he is reported to have wandered round the links at Hatfield under the tutelage of his brilliant nephew. The experiment, however, was not so successful as to warrant its repetition. Mr. Balfour is declared by one professional golfer to be so good at the game that if he would only shake himself free from the entanglements of politics, and devote himself to the game, he would stand a fair chance of becoming amateur champion.

The first night of the "Conquerors," at St. James Theatre on April 14, was a remarkable incident in the history of the drama. There is no occasion to say anything about the play, as it is far better known in New York than in London. The play, however, though interesting to lovers of melodrama, shocked and disgusted a large number of people. At the scene where *Yvonne de Grand Pré* throws the wine into the face of *von Rodeck*, a loud voice, with a strong foreign accent, echoed through the house, shouting, "This is disgraceful!" The audience did not resent this statement of opinion in regard to the presentation of German officers on the English stage. The figures were seen dimly through the darkness to be leaving the house. At the end of the second act there were further strong expressions of approval and disapproval, the general feeling being, as far as it could be gathered between the acts, that the Lord Chamberlain should never have licensed the play. One gentleman, whose name is a guarantee of the sobriety of his judgment and the ripeness of his experience in stage matters, was strongly expressing the opinion that the Duke of Fife, who was present in the royal box, should have left the theatre after the first act. The play seems destined to have a tremendous run, partly because it is wicked, and partly because the world is tired of problem plays, and seems to hanker after melodrama served hot with spices. When the Spanish cachucha was danced in the third act, American sympathizers in the gallery hissed and boohed to show their antipathy to the hereditary foe of the Anglo-Saxon race. All this is good business for Mr. Paul Potter and Mr. Alexander. The Potterization of Guy de Maupassant is interesting without being elevating, as the apotheosis of an unmitigated cad touches the sympathies of nobody who is not himself devoid of the elements of good taste.

While coming storms and the looming of great events occupy men's minds almost to the exclusion of individual interests, the dying statesman at Hawarden is not forgotten. A friend who has recently been Mr. Gladstone's guest tells me that his condition is most pathetic. Although able to join the family circle at table, he often relapses into silence, and leaning his head on his hands, bears the gnawing pain, which is now his constant companion, with characteristic dignity and patience. Incessant pain has weakened the action of the heart. The suffering may be prolonged for months, or the end may come at any moment. Mr. Gladstone has taken his last farewell of many of his oldest friends. My informant tells me that his own parting with the great statesman was impressive to the last degree. Mr. Gladstone, taking him by the hand, solemnly blessed him, and then said, "We shall never meet again in this world." The one object of the medical men is now to reduce suffering, but the nature of the disease is such that increase of pain is inevitable. That the passing of the Grand Old Man is touching the heart of the nation is shown by the number of resolutions of sympathy passed at Tory meetings and forwarded to Hawarden by men who have been for the whole of their lives Mr. Gladstone's most relentless opponents. The sympathy of former foes is understood to be specially grateful to the dying statesman. ARNOLD WHITE.

SPANISH LOSSES IN CUBA.

[The following article comes to us from an official source which we are not at liberty to disclose.—EDITOR.]

SOME idea of the losses suffered by the Spanish regular troops during the present insurrection in Cuba may be formed from the following figures:

Between March 1, 1895, and March 1, 1897, Spain sent to Cuba 10 generals, 615 field and 6222 subaltern officers, and 180,435 soldiers. To these must be added the 12,000 officers and men forming the regular Cuban establishment at the outbreak of the insurrection, making a total of nearly 200,000. Of these 1 general, 7 field and 53 subaltern officers, and 1314 men were killed in battle, 1 general, 6 field and 55 subaltern officers, and 704 men died of wounds, while 463 officers and 8164 men were wounded and presumably recovered. The losses caused by the enemy are then small, being but little more than five per cent. of the total present for duty. The case is altered, however, in the matter of disease: 318 officers and 13,000 men died of yellow fever, while 127 officers and about 40,000 men succumbed to other maladies.

A writer in the *Revue Scientifique* of October 16, 1897, gives the following rates of loss per thousand:

Killed or died of wounds	[illegible]
Died of yellow fever	66.0
Died of other diseases	201.3
Sent home (sick and wounded)	143.0

As all the sick and wounded, however, have not been sent back to Spain, the number of these left behind must be taken into account in estimating the total losses of the Spaniards. While this number cannot be accurately determined, yet there is reason for believing that it cannot fall far short of 20,000. Accepting this estimate, we have a total rate of loss of 521 per thousand for the two years considered; or, of the 200,000 constituting the regular Spanish forces in Cuba, but 96,000, in round numbers, were left to bear arms on March 1, 1897.

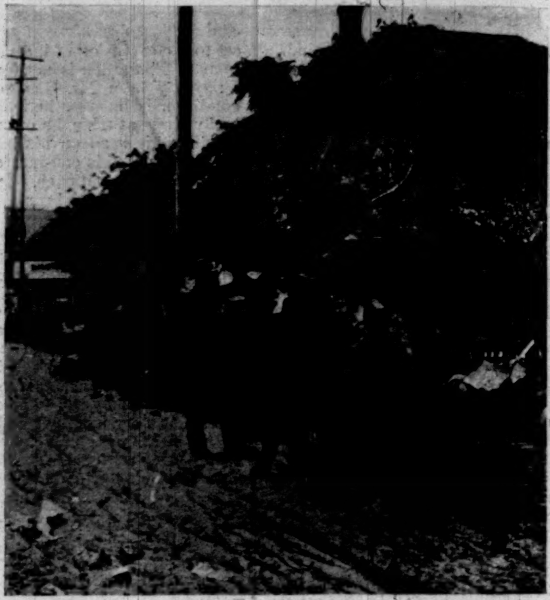
These numbers have more than academic interest for us just at present; for if we may assume the foregoing ratio of loss to hold good from March 1, 1897, to March 1, 1898, then, after adding the re-enforcements sent out during the year ended March 25, 1898, there cannot be in Cuba to-day more than 100,000 regular Spanish troops able to bear arms. It is probable that the number is somewhat less than this, but the assumption of 100,000 gives us a small factor of safety in estimating the number of men we shall need in order to overcome Spanish resistance on land in the island.

It must be recollected that the foregoing figures are only approximately correct, as there is ground for the belief that the Spanish medical returns have purposely misstated, if not understated, the losses of the Spanish army in Cuba. But for that very reason we may feel tolerably sure that the results here given are not in excess of the truth.

PARADE OF CUBANS WHEN THE NEWS CAME THAT CONGRESS HAD DECLARED CUBA FREE.

25TH U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) CLEANING UP ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS.

LIVELY TIMES AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA.



CAMP BAGGAGE AND EQUIPAGE OF THE 6TH U. S. INFANTRY.

13TH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP.

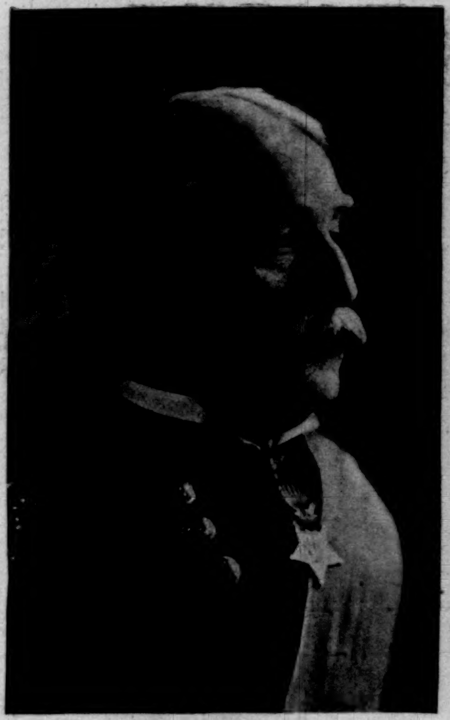
WITH THE TROOPS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

ARMY WAGONS.

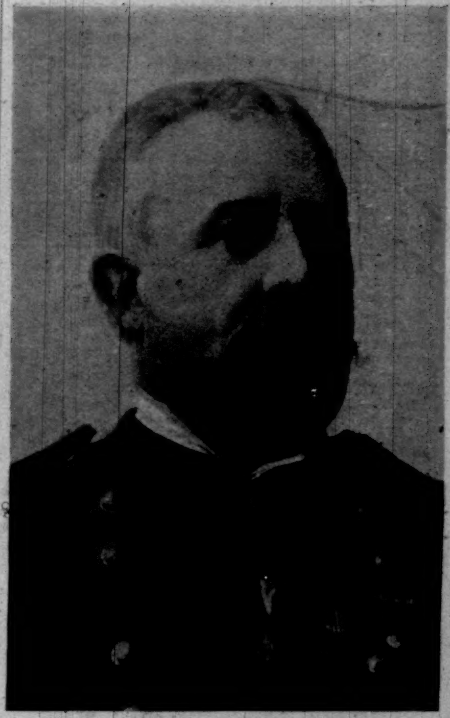
A COMPANY KITCHEN.

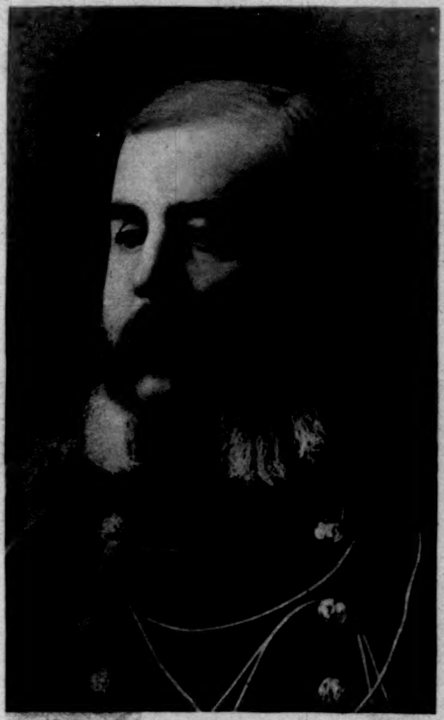
BITS OF ARMY LIFE AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT KEY WEST, TAMPA, AND MOBILE.

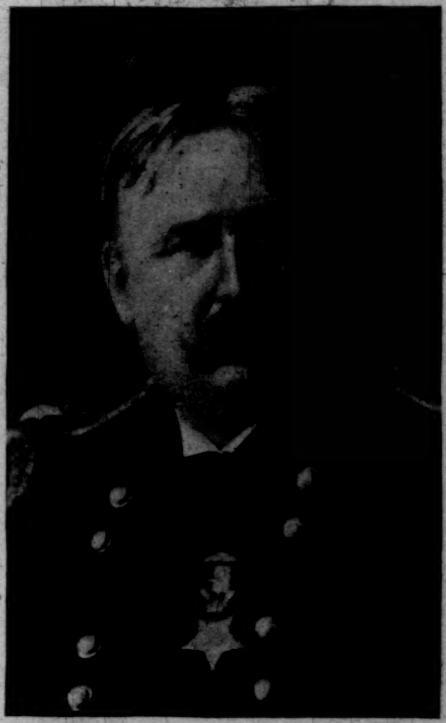

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.
Photograph by Bell.

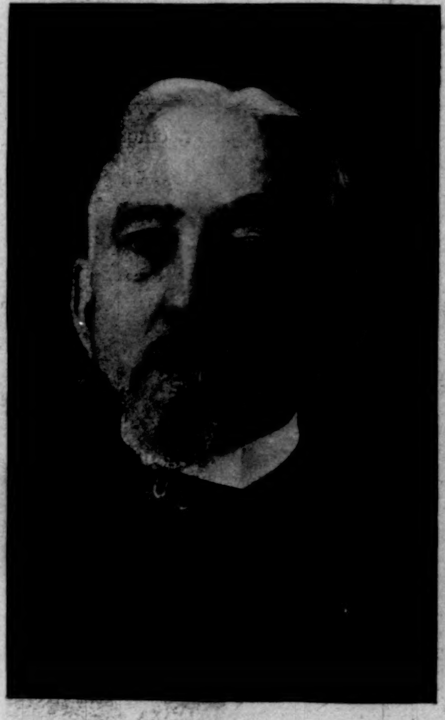
MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A.


MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U.S.A.

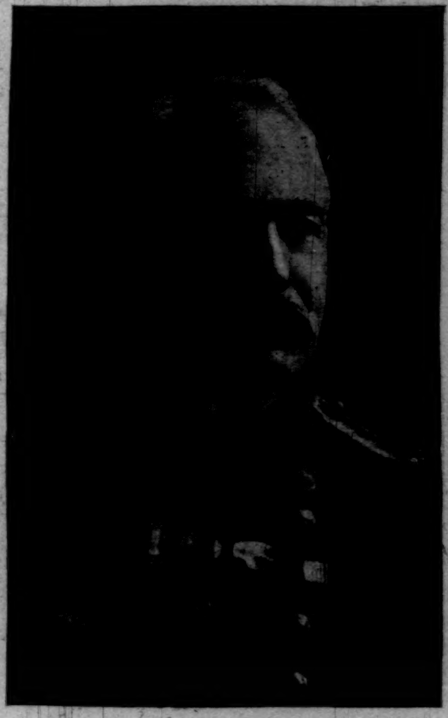

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, U.S.A.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN J. COPPINGER, U.S.A.

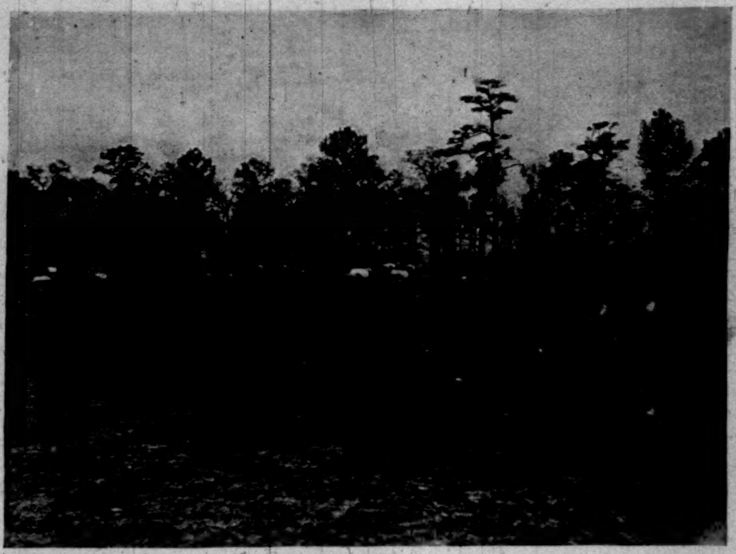

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U.S.A.


BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM M. GRAHAM, U.S.A.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, U.S.A.


BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY C. MERRIAM, U.S.A.

COMMANDING GENERALS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

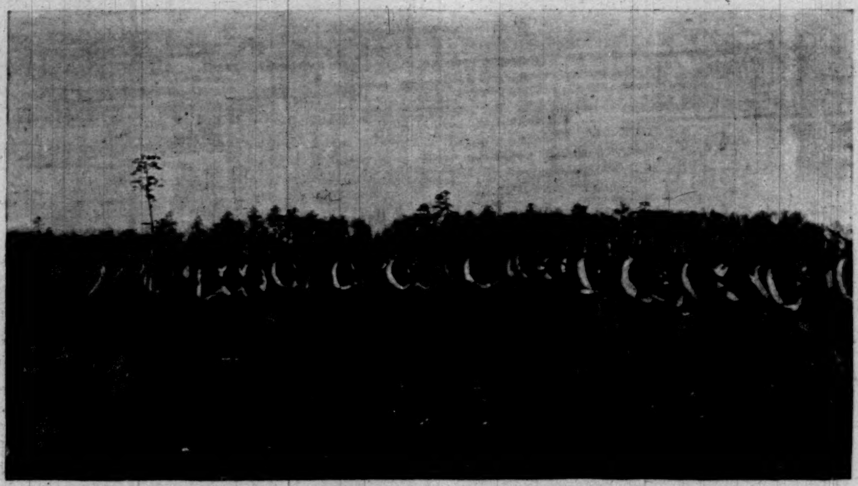


CALISTHENIC DRILL OF 25TH U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) AT CHICKAMAUGA.

SKIRMISH DRILL OF 25TH U. S. INFANTRY AT CHICKAMAUGA.

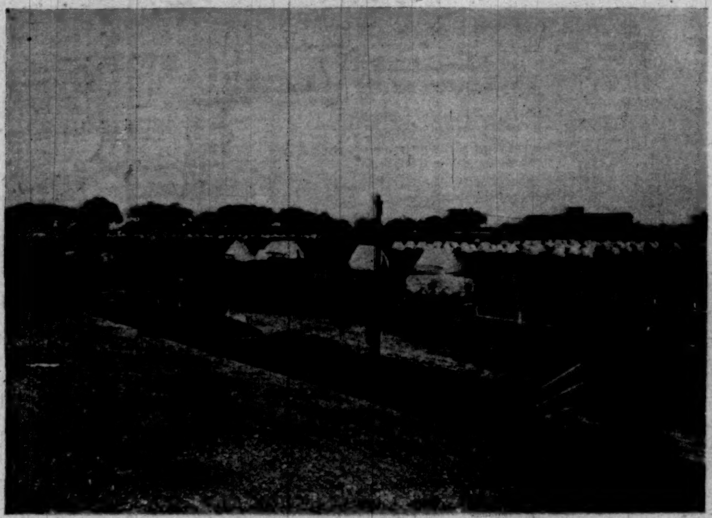
3D U. S. CAVALRY, CHICKAMAUGA—LIEUT. SUPLEE'S HORSE "BABE."

WAITING FOR BREAKFAST—BATTERY D, 5TH U. S. ARTILLERY, JUST ARRIVED IN CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.



12TH U. S. INFANTRY MARCHING FROM RAILROAD TO CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.

SHOEING A MULE—3D U. S. ARTILLERY, CHICKAMAUGA.



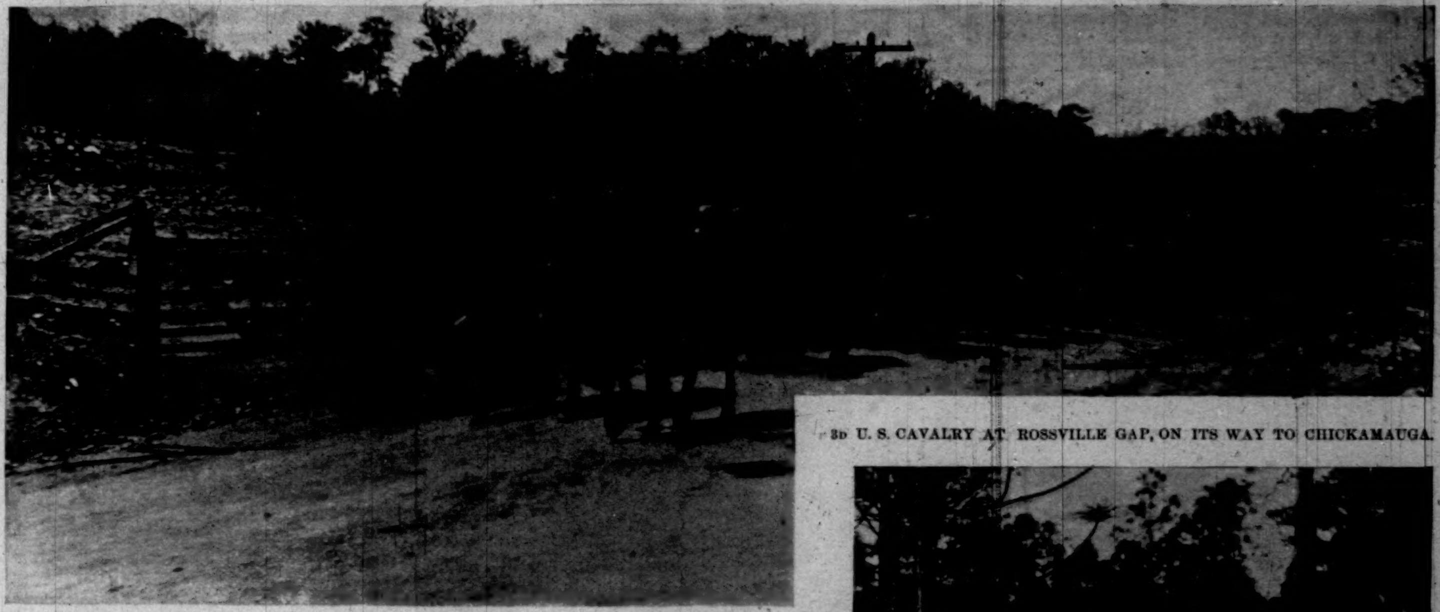
18TH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT NEW ORLEANS.

3D U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT NEW ORLEANS.

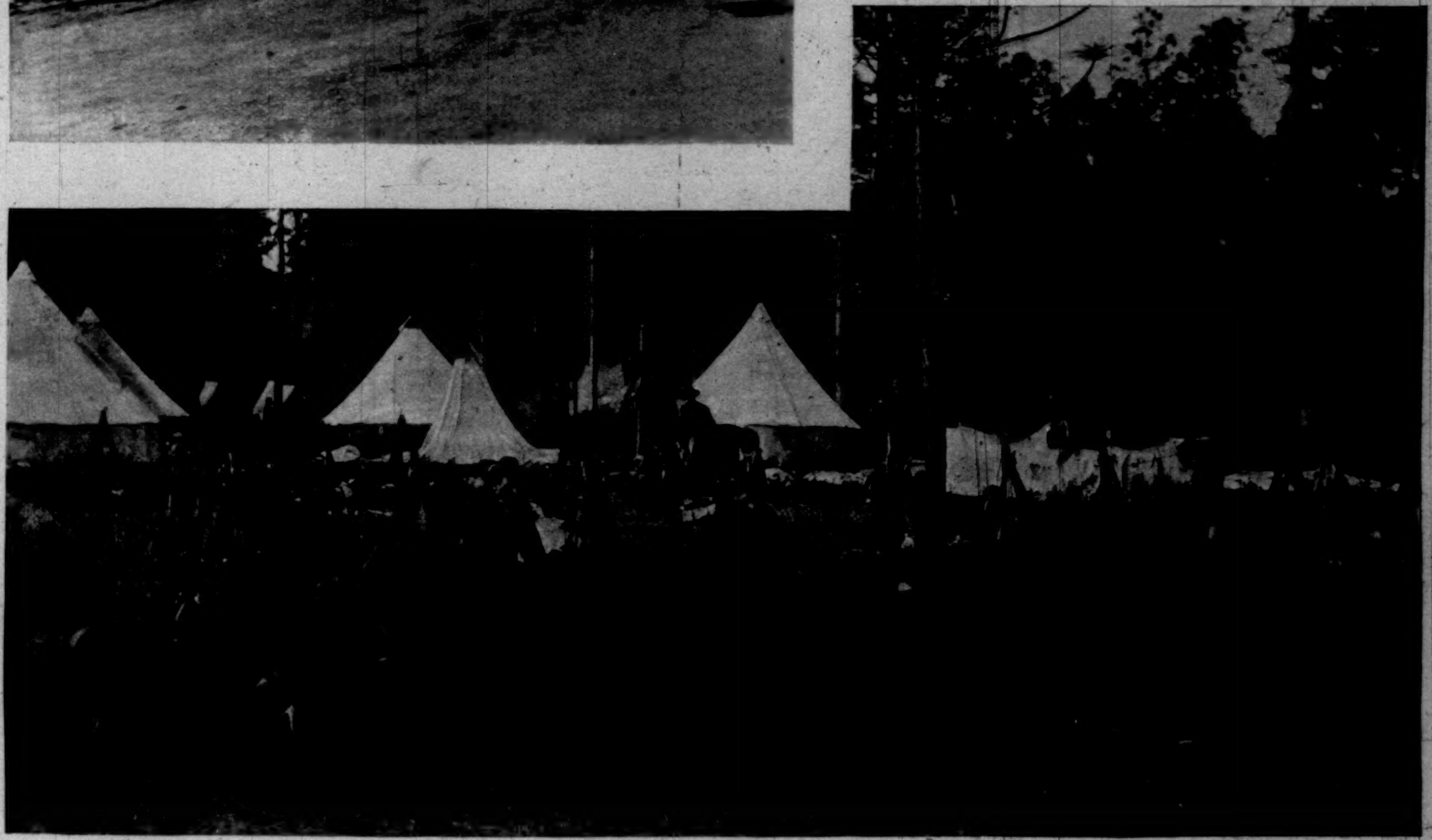
MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA AND NEW ORLEANS.

U. S. ARTILLERY ARRIVING AT CHICKAMAUGA.

20th U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.

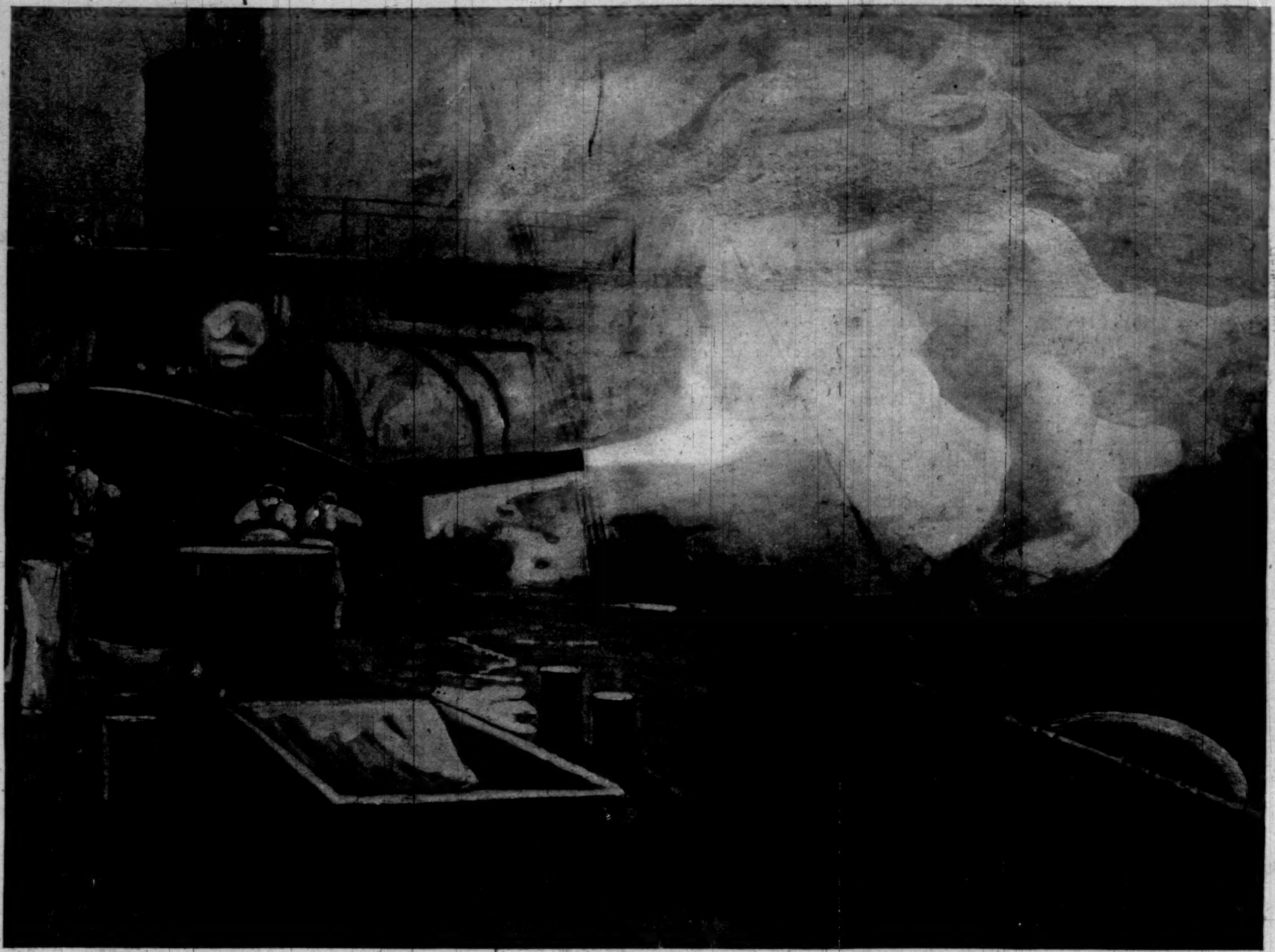


3d U. S. CAVALRY AT ROSSVILLE GAP, ON ITS WAY TO CHICKAMAUGA.

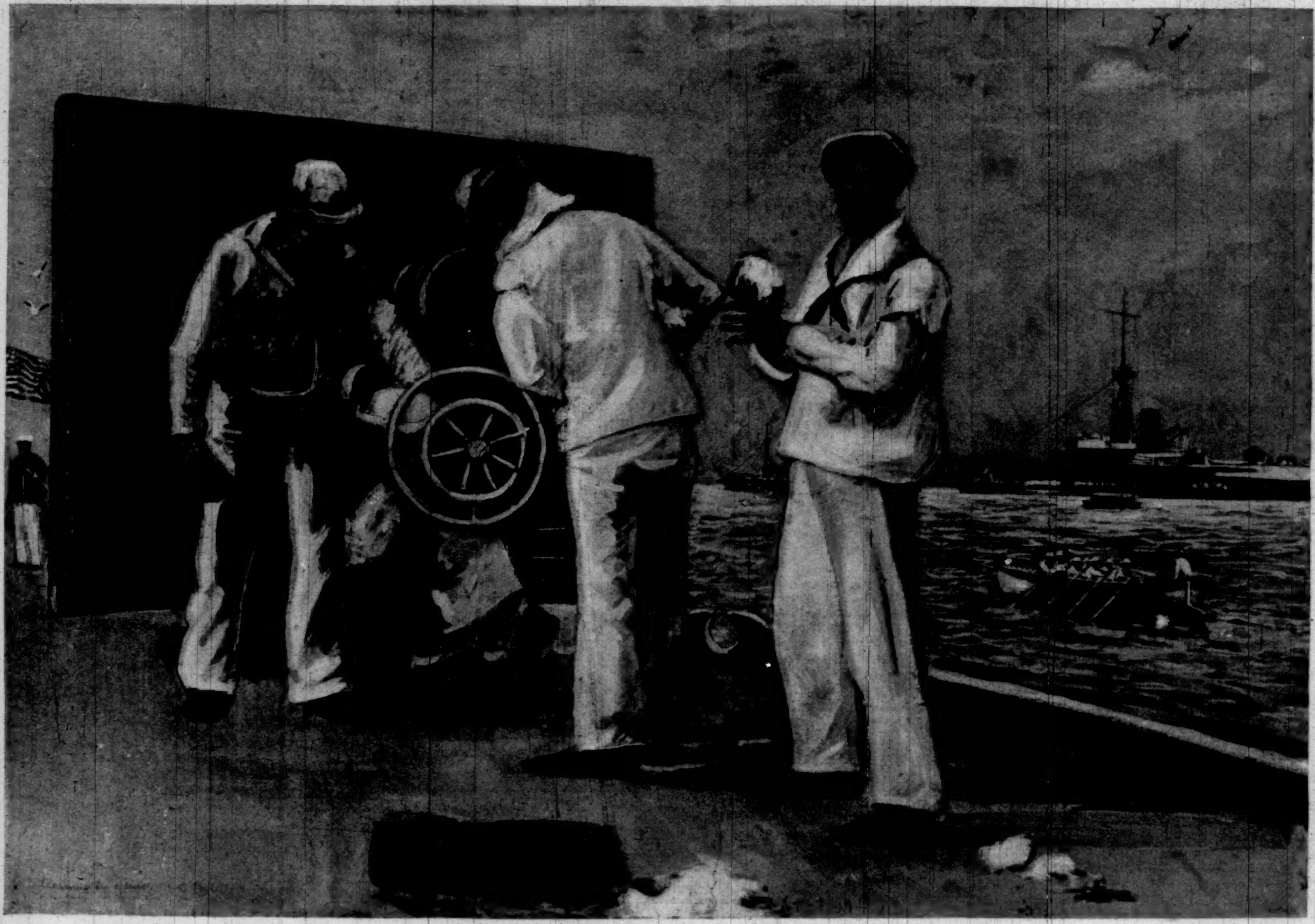


1st BATTALION, 11th U. S. INFANTRY, AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT MOBILE AND CHICKAMAUGA.

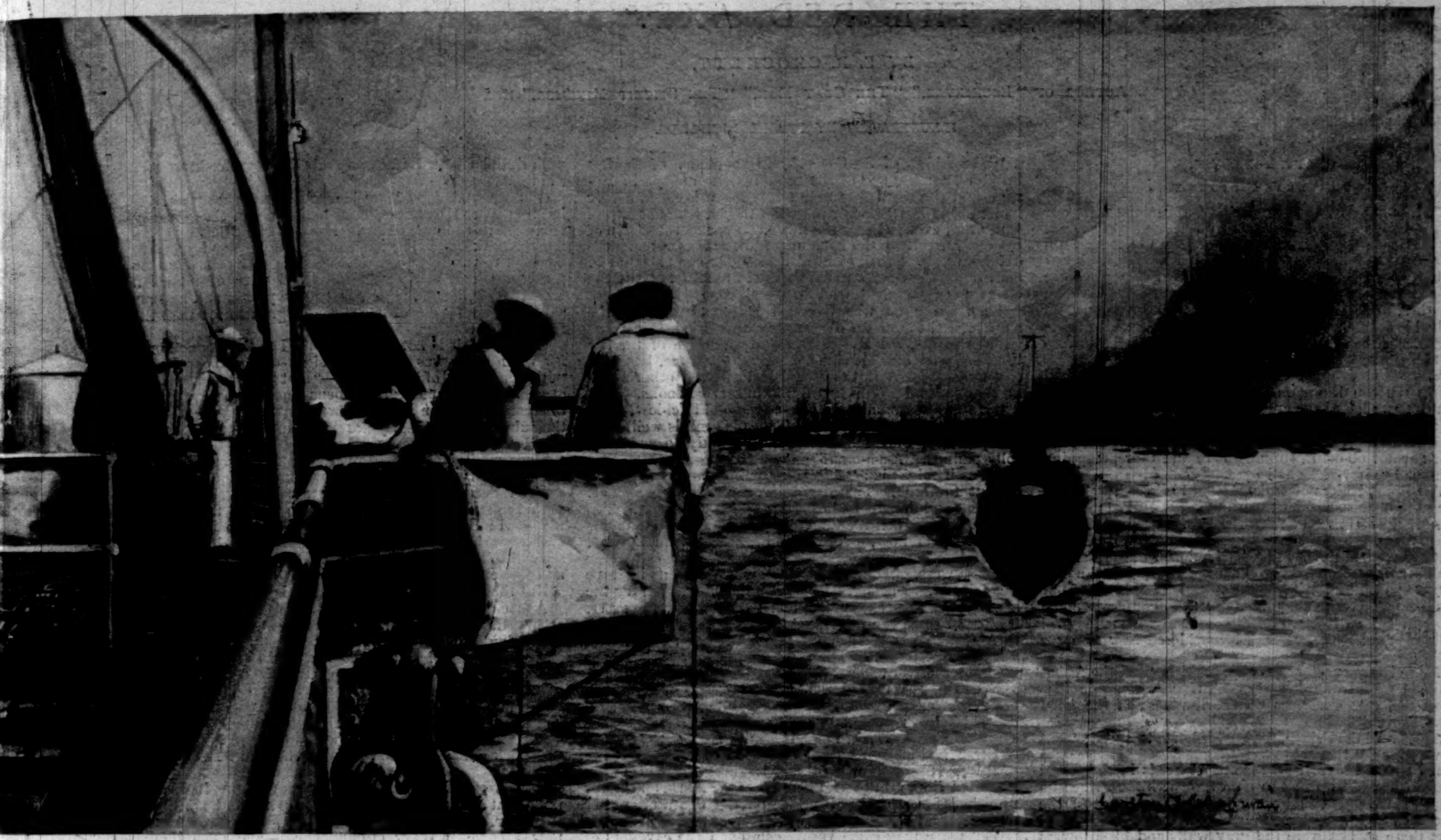


TARGET PRACTICE—U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" FIRING A SIX-INCH GUN.

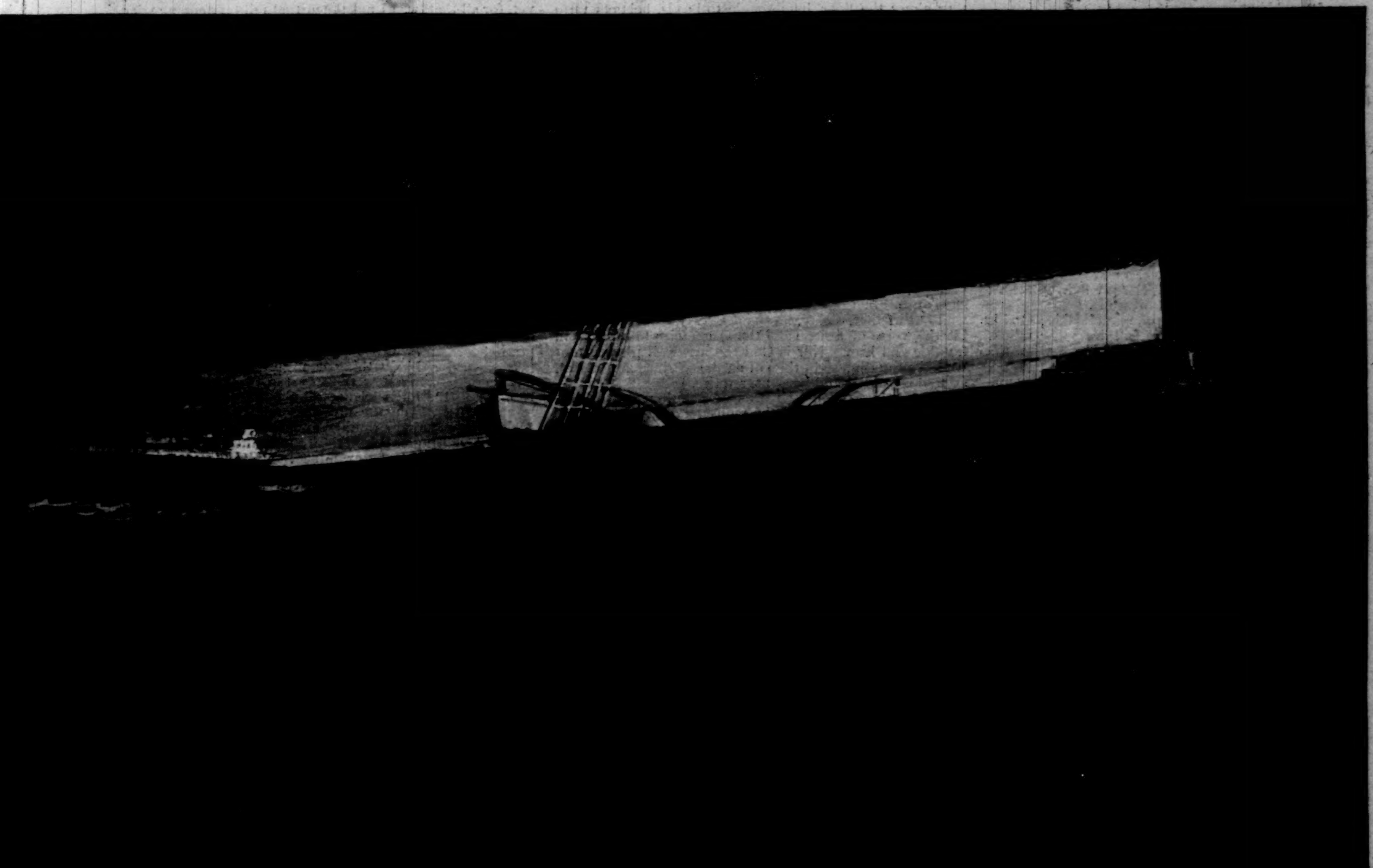


MORNING WORK ON THE WAR-SHIPS.

WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT KEY WEST.—DRAWING



HEAVING THE LEAD—A U. S. CRUISER COMING INTO KEY WEST HARBOR.
The Harbor of Key West has many Shoal Places.



ON THE NIGHT PATROL—U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" OVERHAULING A SUSPICIOUS STEAMER.

AWINGS BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BLACK RIDERS.

THE next day we jogged along, and many were our advices and admonitions to the Prince to return. For we were now on the borders, and from indications which met us on the journeying we knew that the Black Riders were out. For in one place we came to a burned cottage and the tracks of driven cattle; in another, to a dead forest guide, with his green coat all splashed in splotches of dark crimson—a sight which made the Prince clinch his hands and swear. And this also kept him pretty silent for the rest of the day.

It was about evening of this second day, and we had come to the top of a little swell of hills, when suddenly beneath us we heard the crackling of timbers, and saw the pale, almost invisible flames beginning to devour a thriving farm-house at our feet. There were swarms of men in dark armor about it, running here and there, clapping brushwood to hay-ricks and byre doors.

"The Black Riders of Duke Casimir!" I cried. "Down among the bushes, and let them not see us! We must go back. If they so much as saw the Prince they would slay us, every one."

But ere we had time to flee, half a dozen of their scouts came near us, and observing our horses, they raised a cry. There was nothing for it but the spurs on the heels of our boots. So across the smooth, well-turfed country we had it, and in spite of our beasts' weariness we made good running. And while we fled, I considered how to serve the Prince.

"There is a monastery near by," said I, "and the Abbot is a good friend of ours. Let us, if possible, gain that shelter, and cast ourselves on the kindness of the good Abbot Tobias."

"Aye," said the Prince, urging his horse to speed; "but will we ever get there?"

Then I called myself all the stupid-heads in the world because I had not refused to go a foot with the Prince on such a mad venture, that put our future and that of the Princedom of Plassenburg in such peril.

But there at last were the gray walls and high towers of the Abbey of Wolgast. Our pursuers were not in sight, so we rode in at the gate, and cast our bridles to a lay brother of the order, crying imperiously for instant audience of the Abbot.

As soon as my friend Tobias saw us he threw up his hands in a rapture of welcome. But I soon had him advertised of our great danger. He went directly to the window of his chamber of reception and looked out on the court-yard.

"Ring the abbey bell for full service," he commanded. "Throw open the outer gates and great doors, and lead these horses to the secret crypt beneath the mortuary chapel."

For the Abbot Tobias was a man of the readiest resource, and in other circumstances would have made a good soldier.

He hurried us off to the robing-rooms, and made us put on monastic and priestly garments over our several apparels. Never, God wot, had I expected that I should be transformed into a rope-girt praying clerk. But so it was. I was given a square black cap and a brown robe, and sent to join the lay brethren. For my hair was thick on top, and there was no time to tonsure it.

Now, Dessauer being bald and quite practicable as to his topknot, they endued him with the full dress of a monk. But at that time I saw not what was done with the Prince. For my conductor, a laughing, frolicsome lad came for me and carried me off, telling me all the while that he hoped we should lodge together. There were, he whispered, certain very fair and pleasant maids just over the wall, which you could climb easily enough by the branches of the pear-tree that grew contiguous at the south corner.

As we hurried towards the chapel, the monks were streaming out of their cells in great consternation, grumbling like soldiers at an unexpected parade.

"What hath gotten into our old man?" said one. "Hath he overeaten at mid-day refection, and so cannot sleep, that he cannot let honest men have greater peace than himself?"

"What folly!" cried another. "As if we had not prayers enough, without cheating the Almighty by knocking him up at uncanonical hours."

"And the choir summoned, and full choral service, no less. Not even a respectable Saint's day—no true Churchman, indeed, but some Greek fellow," quoth a third.

Nevertheless, obediently they made their way as the bell clanged, and the throng filed into their places reverently enough. It was a pleasant sight. I came unobtrusively at the back, among the rustling and nudging lay brethren. In other circumstances it would have amused me to see the grave faces they turned towards the altar, and to hear all the while the scuffling as they trod on one another's toes, trying whose skin was the tenderest or whose sandal soles were the thickest. One or two even tried conclusions with me, but once only. For the first who adventured got a stamp from my riding-boot, which caused him to squeal like a stuck pig, and but for the first waking thunder of the organ might have gotten him a month's penance in addition. So after that my toes were left severely alone among the lay brethren.

Then came the high procession, in which the monks and all stood up. First there were the incense-bearers and acolytes, then officers whose names, not being convent-bred nor yet greatly given to church-going, I did not know. Then, after them came two men who walked together, at the sight of whom the jaws of the monks dropped, and they stood so infinitely astonished that no power was left to them. For instead of one, two mitred abbots entered in full canonical attire—golden mitre, and green golden-headed staff, red embroidered robes lined with green. These two paced solemnly in abreast, and sat down upon twin thrones.

"The Abbot of St. Omer!" whispered one of the lay brothers, naming one of the most famous abbeys in Europe, and the word flew round like lightning. Whether he had been instructed or not what to say, I do not know. But, at all events, I saw the news run round the circle of the choir, overleap the boundary stall, and even reach the officiating priests, who inclined an eager ear to catch it, and passed the word one to another in the intervals of the chanted sentences.

Then the news was drowned in the thunder of the anthem, and the organ dominating all. Everything was strange to me, but most strange the practice of the lay brothers, who chanted indeed bravely in tune, but who (for the words set in the chorals) substituted other sentiments of a kind not usually found in service-books.

"He looks a stout and be-e-e-fy o-o-old fel-low, don't you think? Glory, glo-o-ry. Takes his meals well, likes his qu-a-a-art of Rhenish or his Burgundy to swell his jolly paunch. A-a-a-men!"

Or, as it might be: "Are you coming—are you coming o-o-out to-night? There will be-ee good compan-ee-ee. Dancing and deray—lots of girls; no proud churls. Ten by the clock, when the doors all lock. As it was in the beginning, is now, ever shall be, world without end, A-a-a-men!"

These were, of course, only the lay brothers, and I hope the friars were better. I decided, however, that, for the sake of my respect for religion, I should ask Dessauer. Because I saw even the Abbot Tobias lean smilingly over to Abbot Prince Karl, and I marvelled what they spoke about. Not that I had long to wonder, for through the open door of the chapel there streamed a dismal host of invaders of the Wolfmark—black Hussars of Death, in dark armor, with white skeletons painted over them, all charnel-house ribs and bones in hideous and ridiculous array, which was one of Duke Casimir's devices to frighten children, and no doubt these scarecrows frightened many of these. Specially when these villanous companies were recruited from all the wild bandits of the Mark, and never punished for any atrocity, but, on the contrary, rather encouraged, in order to spread the terror of their name.

Yet, when they came rushing in, even the cavaliers of death were daunted by the sight which met them. And as the solemn service proceeded, amid the thunder of the great organ pressing, throbbing the roof, and reverberating along the floor, hands stole to heads, helmets were lifted, and fear of Holy Church stirred in many a wicked and outcast heart. Some of the foremost, with their blades half-drawn, appeared to waver whether or no they should stay the service with the bloody sword.

But as the monks calmly chanted, and the solemn responses were given, a stillness stole over the vociferous babble within the great open doors.

Higher and higher the voices of the choir mounted, breaking away to heaven. Awe sat on every fierce face, and when the Abbot arose to pronounce the benediction the other stood up beside him, and the Hussars of Death knelt awe-stricken before the two mitred dignitaries of the Church.

Without a murmur they rose and slunk away, without so much as searching the abbey, and so departed on their errands, leaving us safe and unharmed.

Then, when the three of us were again united in the private rooms of the Abbot Tobias, that hearty ecclesiast shook us all by the hand, and said: "Good friends, we are well out of that. Nay, no thanks. My monks are not a bit the worse of a little additional exercise to keep them humble and lean. Nor is God the less well pleased that we have sought him in time of need, as Prince and Abbot, as well as soldier and peasant, require."

These being the only words of genuine piety I had heard within the walls of the monastery, I thought more of the Abbot Tobias that he was not ashamed to speak them before Prince and Councillor of State, as well as before a rough soldier like myself.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FLAG ON THE RED TOWER.

IT took us all our powers of persuasion with the Prince to induce him to depart homeward on the morrow, under the escort of a dozen sturdy and well-armed lanzknechte attached to the monastery. But the thing was done at last.

"And remember," said our Karl, as he embraced us, "that if ye return not on the eighth day at eventide the forces of Plassenburg will e'en be battering on the gates of Thorn by the hour of dusk. I am not going to have my farms burnt, my peasants disembowelled and cast to the blood-hounds, my women ravished in their kindly home-steadings. God wot! the cup of Duke Casimir hath been brimming this many a day, and we will give him a deep draught to drink when we set it to his lips."

Thereupon we bade our dear and brave master a respectful adieu. Karl Miller's-Son he might be, but, for all that, he was every inch a king—a right royal man, whom I would rather serve than the Kaiser himself.

And after he had gone from us a little way, he turned again and waved his hand, crying: "On the eighth day, mind you, friends of mine—unless ye wish me to come asking for you at the gates of Thorn, with some din and the spilling of some blood."

The worthy Abbot Tobias gave us a paper to the Bishop Peter, now restored to his bishopric of Thorn, and in some measure dwelling at peace with the Duke Casimir since that ruler's reconciliation with Holy Church. In this paper it was set forth that the most learned Doctor of Law, Leonard Schmidt, and his servant Johann, were on their way to Ratisbon to dispute concerning the Practice of Law and Reason with another most learned Doctor of the Empire, and that, desiring to remain a day or two in Thorn, they were by the Abbot Tobias of Wolgast commended to his kind hospitality.

For indeed the inns of Germany, and especially of the North, were not at that time such as wise and learned men could readily submit to, neither abide in, to be herded with dull landward peasants, and all the gutter-knaves of the town.

Of the remainder of our journey I need not speak, seeing that more than once I have had to tell of that journey from Thorn to Plassenburg. It is sufficient that by evening the dark, frowning mass of the Wolfsberg lay before us, each tower black against the sky. For even the new portions which Casimir had builded were of intention blackened with soot, mingled with the plaster and mortar, so that it should be of one piece of grim terror with the rest of the building.

"After all, it is not strange," said I to the Councillor—for when there was no one in sight or very near I rode with him instead of behind him—"that the man who shakes at every breeze among the aspens should take such pains to create the fiction and shadow of terror about him, when the substance and reality are dominant all the time in his own bosom."

Since we had come within the distressed and depopulated territory of the Wolfmark we had not spoken to any soul. Indeed, except a few poor peasant folk, burnt black with the sun, scuttling from den to den at the sight of mounted men, we had not seen any living creatures. The cruelty which had marked the reign of the Black Duke seemed to have afflicted the very face of the country with a visible curse.

But the day of deliverance was at hand.

As we came nearer to Thorn there was the Red Tower, at first dimly apparent, then prominent, then commanding, rising higher than all the buildings of the Wolfsberg. How many days had I not looked down from those windows! And my father was even now up there in his grim garret, his heart stirring calm and kindly within him, in spite of all the atmosphere of blood in which he had moved, as untouched as though he had been a gardener working among the flowers of the parterre. Also the block was there, and against it the Red Axe was leaning.

Then I called to mind the prophecy of the Lady Ysolinde that I should return to take up my father's dreadful trade. And I smiled thereat. For I thought that now I came in other circumstances—aye, even though riding in at the tail of the learned Doctor Schmidt, with my shaven and chestnut-stained face, my flowing hair cropped to the roots as in the manner of the servant tribe; yet, for all that, was I not the virtual military commander of the Plassenburg and the right hand of the Prince, whose forces would soon be clamoring against the walls of Thorn, and bringing down the hateful tyranny of the Black Duke Casimir?

"What is that?" said I, pointing to a standard of immense size which drooped from the Red Tower. It had been hanging limp about the staff, and till now we had not observed it. But as we went toiling up to the Weiss Thor, and the last links of road lengthened themselves indefinitely out before us in their own familiar manner, suddenly a waft of hot wind from the sun-beaten plain of the Wolfmark blew out an immense flag, which spread itself, fluttered feebly, and died down again flat against the pole.

"Nay," said the Doctor, "that I cannot tell. Surely you should know the customs of your own city better than I!"

For the heat had made the High Chancellor a little snappish, as well as the length of the way.

"Never in my time have I seen such a thing float above the Red Tower," I made answer. "Can it be a flag of pestilence?"

It seemed a likely thing enough. Cities were often made desolate in a few days by the plague; the people running to the hills; silence all about the gates. These might well betoken the presence of a foe to which the army of Plassenburg would seem as a friend.

As we rode under the Arch of the White Gate of Thorn, we were stopped to be examined. We gave our names, and the Doctor showed his letters of authorization from a dozen learned universities. The Black Hussar who examined our credentials was of a taciturn disposition, and evidently no scholar. For he studied the parchments intently upside down, and appeared to have an idea that the contents were best investigated by smelling the seals.

"Where are you bound?" he asked.

"To the house of the learned and venerable Bishop of Thorn!" said the Doctor Schmidt.

So the Hussar, having finally approved of the quality of the scholastic wax, called a subordinate, and bade him guide us to the house of Bishop Peter.

In an instant we were in the familiar streets—narrow, sunken, and indescribably dirty, as they now appeared to me. For I had been accustomed to the wider, airier spaces, and the bickering rivulets which ran down most of the steeper streets of Plassenburg, and which made it one of the cleanest towns of the world. So that the ancient and unreformed filth and wretchedness of Thorn appealed to me as they had never done before.

There were evidences too of the terror in which the inhabitants had long lived. The houses of the rich burghers were sadly dilapidated. No man thought it worth while to spend a pot of paint on a house which might be knocked about his ears that very night if the Duke conceived there was money or gear to be found within the walls of it.

Here and there the same black flag appeared.

I asked the reason of it from our guide.

"Is it that the plague is in the city?"

"The plague has, indeed, been in the city, yes! But that is not the reason of the flag."

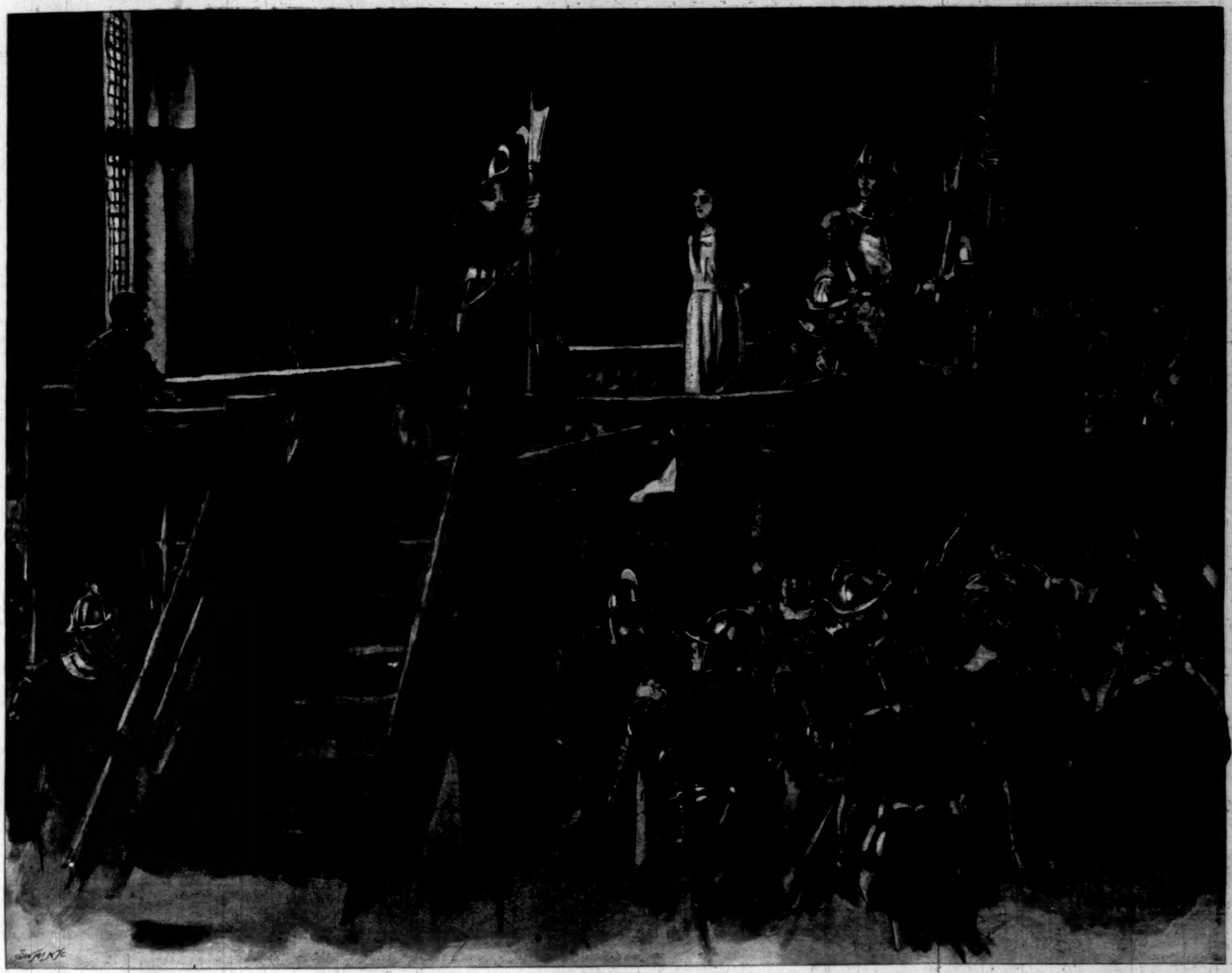
"And what then is the meaning of the black flag?" said I.

"Ye are strangers indeed!" answered the man. "Did you not know that the great Duke Casimir is dead, and that the black flag flies for him, and must fly on the Wolfsberg till his successor be crowned?"

"And who is his successor?" said I.

"Who but young Otho, the worst of the Wolf's litter. But perhaps you are his friend."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



"THERE, ALONE IN THE CENTRE, ATTIRED IN WHITE, THE CENTRE OF EYES, I BEHELD—HELENE."

He turned with a keen look, like one who has been accustomed to deliver himself in company where he is sure of sympathy, and who suddenly has to consider his words in society the tone of which he is not sure of.

"Nay," said I, "we are travelling strangers, and know nothing of your politics. But this Duke Otho, wherefore has he not been crowned?"

"Because," said the man, "the Duke Casimir, they say, hath been foully murdered, and that by the witchcraft of a woman. So, by our laws, till the murderer is punished, the young Duke may not be crowned."

By this time we were at the entering in of the long, dull, mass of building, which during most of my boyhood had stood unoccupied, owing to the quarrel between Bishop Peter and the Duke. Our guide led us unchallenged into the quadrangle, and then abruptly left, without pausing to bid us good-day, or even deigning to accept the modest gratuity which my master, the learned doctor, had ready for him.

As for me, I stood holding the horses, and looking about for any of my own quality who might show me the way to the stables.

Presently a long, lean, lathy youth slouched out of one of the gloomy entries. He stood amazed at the sight of me. I went to him to ask where I might bestow the horses, now standing weary-footed, hanging their heads after the long journey and the toil of the final ascent from the plain.

"Will you fight, outlander?" were the first words of my lathy friend from the entry. He seemed to have been drawn up recently from a period of detention in some deep draw-well, and to have the mould of the stones still upon him.

"Why," said I, "of course I will fight, and that gladly, if you will find me a man to fight with."

"I will fight you myself," he said, swelling himself. "For the end of this candle I will fight half a dozen such Baltic sausages as you be."

"Like enough," said I, "all in good time. But in the mean time show me the stables, that I may put up my master's horses."

"What know I about you or your master's horses?" cried the Lad of Lath. "And pray why should I show the way to Bishop Peter's good stables to every wastrel that comes in off the street and asks the freedom of our house? For aught I know you may come to steal corn. Though if that be so, Lord love you, you have come to the wrong place."

"Come, stable-master," said I, placably, "let me see a corner and a wisp of straw, and I will ease the poor beasts. That will not harm the Bishop Peter, whom my master has gone to visit. He is a friend of his, a man learned in ecclesiastical affairs, who comes to hold disputations with the Bishop—"

"Disputations—what be those? Anything with money at the end of them? If so, he will be a welcome guest at this house. There is very little money at the tail of anything in this town."

I thought I would try the effect of a broad silver piece, at the same time giving the lad the information that disputations were kinds of fights with the tongues of men instead of with their fists.

The silver sweetened his face like a charm. He seized me by the hand.

"My name," he said, "is Peter of the Pigs. I am not stable-master, but feed the grouting piglings. And yet, in a way, I am indeed stable-master. For the Bishop hath no horses, since the Duke took them away to mount his cavalry for the raids into Plassenburg. So Peter of the Pigs looks after all about the yard; and precious little there is to look after, except one's own legs getting longer and leaner every day."

"And where is the Bishop this afternoon?" I asked.

"Where should he be," cried Peter of the Pigs, "but at the trial of the witch-woman in the Hall of Justice? It must be a rare sight. They say she is to be tortured, and that they want a new executioner to do it."

"Why," said I, struck to the heart with his words, "what is the matter with the old one?"

"Oh," said the lad, "he is mortal sick abed. He had an accident, or some one stuck a dagger into him—no great matter if he had stuck it through him, or cloven him to the chin with his own Red Axe."

CHAPTER XL.

THE TRIAL OF THE WITCH.

At this point came my master back, looking exceedingly disconsolate. A monk accompanied him.

"The Bishop," he said, "is gone forth of his house. He is in attendance at the trial of a woman for witchcraft, one whom some of the city folk hold to be a saint. But the young Duke and others swear that she is a witch, and hath murdered the Duke. Haste thee with the horses, sirrah, and attend me to the Hall of Justice. I have sent a messenger forward with my credentials to the Bishop Peter."

So to the corner of the yard I went and rubbed down the horses with a wisp of straw, which Peter of the Pigs brought me, and which smelled of his charges too. Then, with another piece of money in his hand, I sent him out to the nearest corn-chandler's to buy some corn for our beasts, the which I gave them, and stood by them till I saw them eat it. For in such a poverty-stricken place, and with a gentleman of the capacity of Master Peter of the Pigs, one that is in any way fond of his horses cannot be too careful.

This done, I announced myself to my master as ready to accompany him.

Then through the streets of Thorn, all strangely empty, we took our way. Women were leaning out of windows; every head turned castleward up the street.

They hardly deigned a glance at my master or at myself, but continued to gaze. And as each passenger came down the street from the direction of the Wolfsberg they cried questions at him, so that he ran the gauntlet of a dropping fire of shrill queries.

"What are they doing to the sweet saint yonder?"

"Hath she been put to the question?"

"Who could be executioner in such a case as this? A man would be sent to hell-fire for daring to lay hand on her."

The popular sympathies ran clearly with the accused, which is not, as our old Hanne had reason to remember, the rule in trials for witchcraft.

Soon we were passing the gate of the Red Tower. It was barred and closed. The windows of my father's house looked barrenly down, like the eye-holes of skulls. I saw the window from which I used to gaze wistfully down upon the children who would not play with me, but spat upon the tower when they saw me looking at their play and pipings upon the streets.

There above was the window of my father's garret, with the edge of the black flag blowing out above it.

The streetward door of the Judgment Hall was open and a great crowd of people stood about, silent, anxious, respectful. Some of them talked in low tones, and whenever there was a word passed out of the door, through which men looked ten deep, it scattered all about like a wave which comes into a sea-cave by a narrow entrance, and then widens out till it breaks gently in the wide inner hall.

"She is not to be tortured; only the Hereditary Executioner may do that. They have threatened the old woman. She has confessed all!"

So ran the words about the crowd, and ever and anon one would detach himself from the bridge, elbowing his way out, and then speed down the long street, crying the latest tidings of the trial.

It was manifestly impossible for us to obtain entrance by this door. So we looked about for another.

Then I minded me of the private passage which led from the court-yard which I knew so well. We skirted the crowd, with our attendant following, till we came to the side door which led directly into the Hall of Judgment behind the judges' high seats.

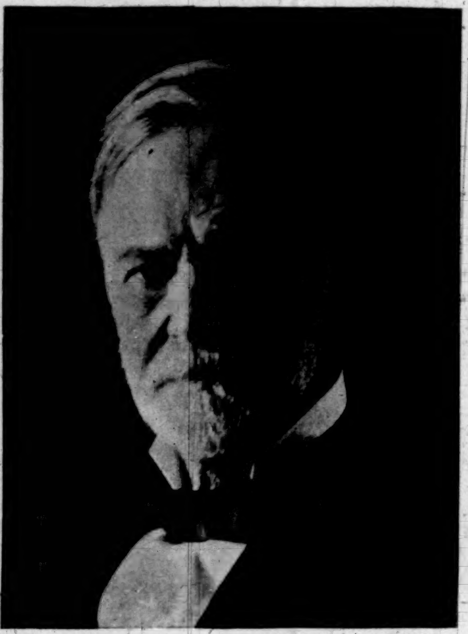
It was the way by which many a time I had seen my father enter, either in his dress of black or in that of red. And I was always glad when I saw him put on the scarlet, because I knew that then the worst was over for some poor tortured soul.

But when my master proposed that the attendant of the Bishop should carry a letter into the hall to his master to inform him that we waited without, the man trembled in every limb, and the hair of his head shocked itself up in sheer terror.

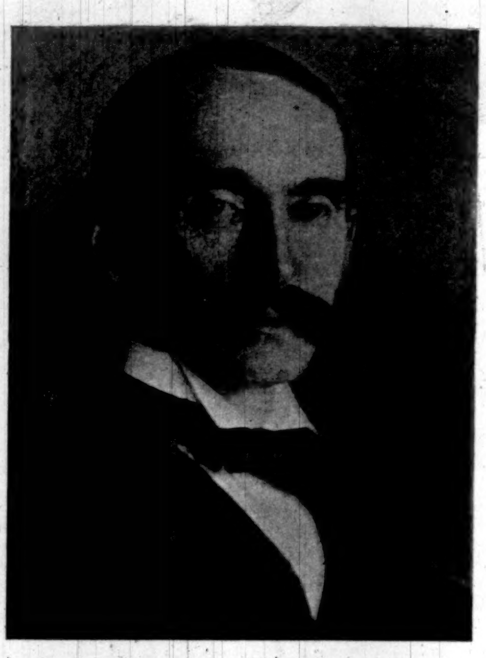
"I cannot—I dare not!" he cried. "It is the place of torture—of the engines—the estrappado—the water-drop—the leg-crushers!"

And at this point the vision of what was contained within the fatal door became so appalling to him that he picked up his skirts and fled, looking over his shoulder all the while to make sure that the Red Axe was not after him full tilt.

So Dessauer and I were left standing. And if the mat-



HON. JOHN SHERMAN,
Retiring Secretary of State.—[See Page 434.]



HON. WILLIAM R. DAY,
The New Secretary of State.—[See Page 434.]

ter had been less serious, it would have been comical to see us thus deserted.

"Bishop Peter of Thorn seems a prelate somewhat difficult of approach," said the Councillor. "I wonder if we shall ever lay any salt on his tail?"

"Let us risk it and go in," said I. "We are putting all our cards on the table, at any rate. And we can see all that is to be seen. If there is any risk of von Reuss penetrating our disguises, it is as well to gulp and get it over at once, rather than suck gingerly at it till the fear of death chills our marrow."

"Go on, then," he said. "There is naught to be gained by standing here as a butt for the eyes of evil-doers."

So I opened the door carefully, and with a trembling heart. The hum of a great assembly breathed upon us in a hushed chaos of sound. The warm, stifling atmosphere, heavy with a thousand respirations, the sound of a voice speaking loud and clear, the thunder of continuous heels on the paved floor, the voices of the ushers crying "Silentium" at intervals—these all came suddenly upon us as we shut out the air and sunshine and went into the Hall of Judgment.

We could not see the full assembly at first. We stood, as I had supposed, directly behind the judges' rostrum. Only the corners of the vast crowd which covered the floor and filled the galleries could be seen—a blur of white faces, all bent towards one point. But at the corner, not far from us, a tall, spare, gray-headed ecclesiastic was speaking.

We stood still, in order that we might not interrupt by entering till he had finished.

What was our surprise when we heard his words!

"My Lord Duke," he was saying, "it is fortunate for the elucidation of this great mystery that I have this moment received word concerning a most learned and notable jurisconsult, a Doctor of the Law, wise in controversy, and specially skilled in such cases, who has even now arrived in the city of Thorn on his way to the Emperor at Ratisbon, where he is to dispute for the honor of truth and our holy religion.

"His name is the Learned, Venerable, and Reverend Doctor Schmidt, and I trust that we of the city and faculty of the Wolfmark shall have the honor of welcoming him as so distinguished a man deserves."

The pattern of the Bishop's speech is one that does not vary while the world lasts.

"Lord, they have made me a Doctor of Theology as well!" whispered the Councillor to me. I gave him a little push.

"Now is your time," said I, "the hour and the Doctor."

I lifted the skirt of his long black robe. He took hold of his marvellous beard, a triumph of the disguiser's art, and we stepped forward. I could hardly conceal a smile.

We had come in the very nick of time.

I have a vague remembrance of my master bowing this way and that. I seem to see the wise men of the law, the judges, the priests and lictors, rising and bowing in acknowledgment. I heard the hush of a thousand people, all craning their necks to look round the heads of their neighbors, and the hum of whispered comment. It was a surprising sight, this great trial—the gloomy hall, black with age and deeds of darkness, lit by the rays of sunlight falling through windows of red glass, the faces of men flecked as with blood where the evening sunlight streamed luridly upon them.

In the midst there was a clear foursquare space. A lictor, with a bundle of rods, stood at each corner. I looked, and there, alone in the centre, attired in white, the centre of eyes, I beheld—Helene.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. GATLING'S NEW GUN.

THE Board of Ordnance and Fortification inspected, at the Otis Steel Company's works in Cleveland, recently, a new type of gun, the invention of Dr. R. J. Gatling. The gun is to be rifled at the Washington Navy Yard, and then sent to Sandy Hook to be tested. Dr. Gatling believes that his gun will show a resistance to the force of powder explosion and to the friction of the gases and the projectile even greater than that of the built-up gun; while his gun can be made in much less time, and is sixty per cent. cheaper than the built-up gun.

The weakness of the built-up gun Dr. Gatling finds in the joints between the hoops as they are shrunk on the tube. The built-up gun is in eleven pieces. The wire-wound gun, which is highly commended by ordnance authorities, is in nearly three hundred pieces. Dr. Gatling's gun is in one piece. It is cast, not forged, and the secret of its resistance is said to be in the alloy used, the method of making the cast, and the process of tempering. Experiments in recent years with cast-steel alloys have shown that they are capable of high degrees of resistance.

Dr. Gatling preserves a great part of his process a secret. He has not patented it yet. He expects to take out patents in Europe and America whenever the tests of the new gun have been completed successfully. The character of the alloy he uses is not known. He has a ladle of peculiar construction to receive the molten metal from the furnace. The metal enters at a tangent, and takes a rotary motion, which expels the air and gases, and makes the mass homogeneous before it passes into the mould. In the mould it is put under weights, but it is not subjected to the great hydraulic pressure which is used on the castings for the built-up guns. The casting is solid. It is turned down and bored out in the usual way. When tempered, it is cooled from within by a blast of air—a process which is expected to give it the resistance from the outside toward the bore which is obtained in the built-up gun by shrinking the hoops and jacket on the tube. The mandrel process is another of Dr. Gatling's secrets.

The one-piece gun, which is to be finished at Washington soon, was ordered by the government. Congress appropriated $40,000 to pay for it, and, because of Dr. Gatling's standing as an inventor, made the extraordinary provision that he should have the right to change the specifications as often as he chose. G. G. B.

DR. GATLING'S NEW GUN—CAST IN ONE PIECE.

THE PROOF OF EXTERNAL EXPLOSION.

THE contention persisted in by the Spanish authorities that the explosion which wrecked and sunk the battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor was internal and not external to the hull of the vessel, is absolutely refuted by the condition in which the débris of the wreck was found and still remains.

The examination before the court of inquiry in regard to this was most detailed and minute, and the conclusion established by the evidence was positive. The most important witness upon the condition of the wreck was Ensign W. V. N. Powelson, of the United States steamer *Fern*, who was constantly on duty upon the *Maine* during the operations of the divers, noting and verifying the results of their examination. He directed and supervised their action, questioned them closely upon what they found beneath the surface of the water, noted the results in detail each day, and made drawings as the material afforded data.

Ensign Powelson's examination occupied the part of several days, at considerable intervals, during the sessions of the court, while the work of the divers was still going on, and not only was he closely questioned, but the divers themselves were examined minutely. The condition of the wreck being established, Commander G. A. Converse, of the cruiser *Montgomery*, an expert of large experience upon submarine mines and torpedoes and the effect of explosives, was carefully examined upon the nature of the explosion that could produce such an effect.

To understand clearly the descriptions and illustrations proving the character and effect of the explosion, one must know that the frames of the ship's hull, from three to four feet apart, are numbered from the bow back, and are fastened to the keel at the bottom. The keel was broken at frame 17 and forced upward, so that the keel-plates are sharply bent. It is considerably back of this break that the chief mass of tangled débris is found. Here the forward magazines were placed, below the protective deck, above which was the main-deck, and the effect of the explosion upon those decks, as described in the findings of the court of inquiry, is attributed to a partial explosion of the powder-magazines.

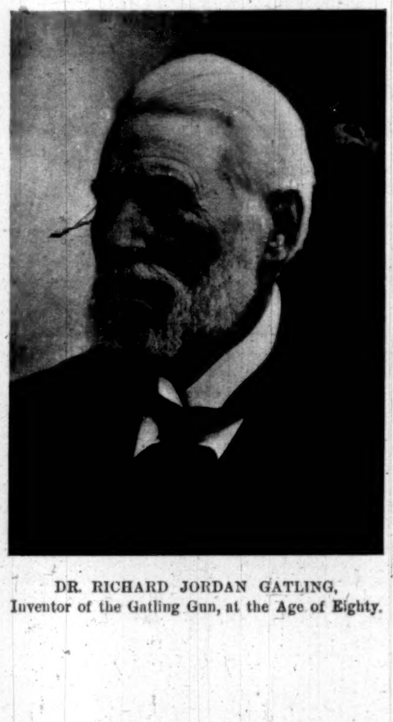
The area of this effect was from frame 30 to frame 41; but the break of the keel, and the forcing upward of the bottom plates, was considerably forward of this. From a point 6 feet above the keel, and 11½ feet from the middle of the ship on the port side at frame 17, the outer shell of the hull, which is made of comparatively thin plating, was bent upward and inward, so that the plates formed an inverted V (Λ), with the apex thrust 4 feet above the surface of the water, or 34 feet above where that part of the plates would be if the vessel had merely sunk to the bottom.

The after-wing or flap of this inverted V, which was 15 feet wide by 32 feet long, stretching from frame 25 to frame 17, where the breach was made, was "doubled back upon itself against the continuation of the same plate extending forward."

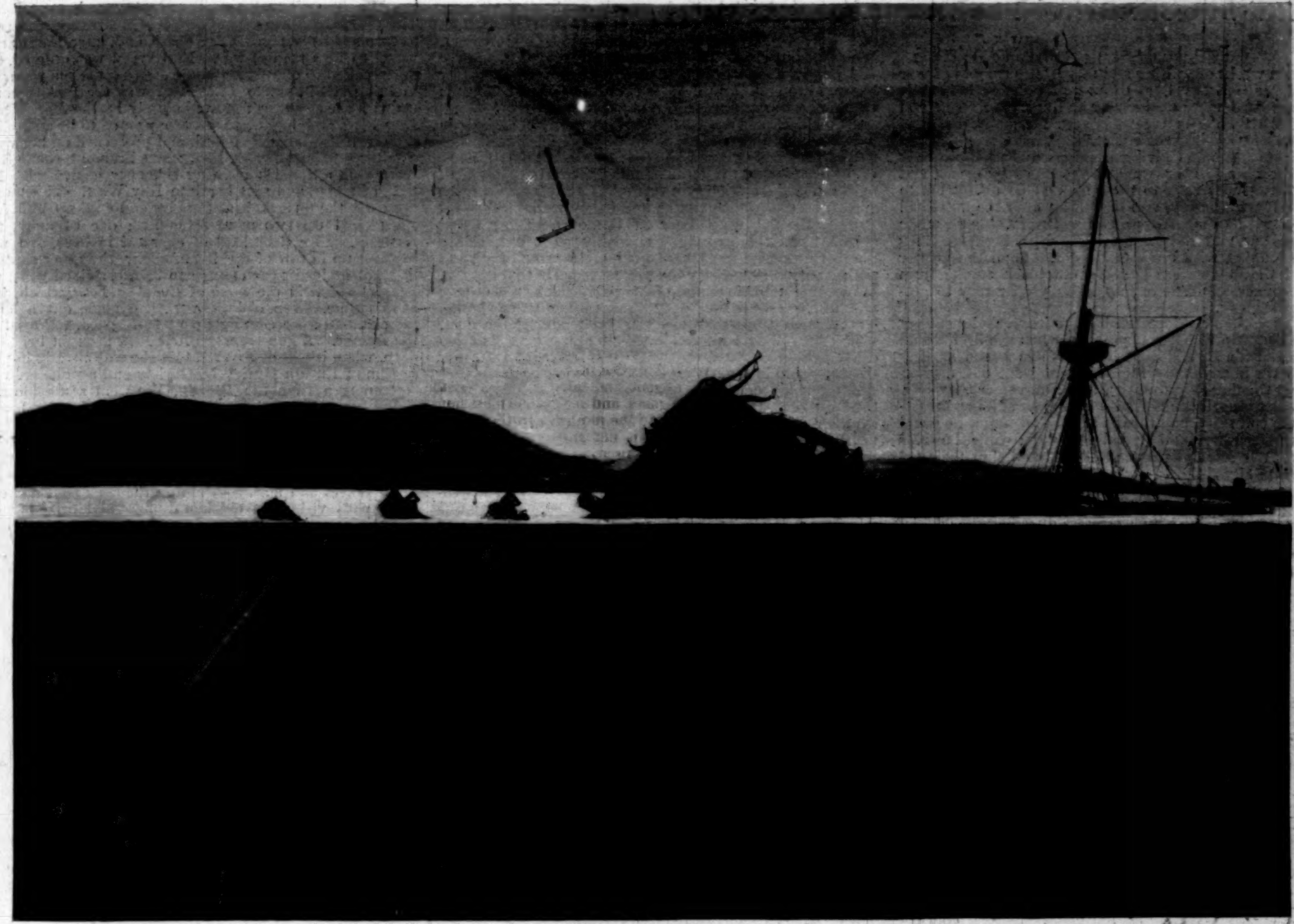
It seems clear enough to the inexpert mind, from the description derived from the findings of the court and based upon detailed evidence, that this effect could not possibly be produced by an explosion inside the vessel, and that it must necessarily have been caused by an explosion below the bottom of the vessel near the point at which the break is found, and from which the bottom plating was driven upward with such force. But the members of the court of inquiry proceeded with the utmost caution, and did not rely upon their own inferences. They placed sketches and drawings of this part of the wreck before Commander Converse and asked him what kind of an explosion would produce the result.

The commander said that, in his opinion, "it could be produced by the explosion of a submarine mine containing a large amount of the lower explosives—gunpowder, or similar—not in contact with the ship, but some distance below it, perhaps on the bottom." Being asked whether the keel and plates at and near frame 18 could have been so distorted by an internal explosion, he said that he did not think they could, and that he had never seen anything in all his experience that would lead him to believe that it was "possible to produce the effect indicated by any explosion within the interior of the ship in that immediate vicinity." The indications were, he said, that "an under-water explosion produced the conditions there."

It was the actual condition of this part of the wreck, established beyond all possibility of doubt by irrefragable evidence, that induced the opinion of the court that the effect at the point described "could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship at about frame 18, and somewhat on the port side of the ship," and sustained the finding that the "*Maine* was destroyed by a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines." No denial or protest can wipe out the testimony of the mangled remains of the battle-ship itself.



DR. RICHARD JORDAN GATLING,
Inventor of the Gatling Gun, at the Age of Eighty.



THE "MAINE," SHOWING POSITION OF BOTTOM PLATES AND KEEL, AFFORDING PROOF OF EXTERNAL EXPLOSION.—Drawn by C. McKnight Smith.

SKETCHES IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

[See Illustration on Page 437.]

Washington, while celebrated afar as a city of magnificent distances, is in reality a compact place, so far as the official side of it is concerned.

It is only a step, for instance, from the White House to the great granite building in which the Navy, State, and War departments are situated, and the Secretary of the Navy can look out from his windows over the President's lawn.

The visitor to the Navy Department is shown into a large room, where he may sink himself in a huge leather chair and watch the expert private secretary sift out from the other visitors those who have real business with the Secretary. People come there with all kinds of craft for sale, from a row-boat up, devices to offer, axes to grind; and many seafaring men are there, offering their services to the government. One old skipper, who sat with his legs straight out in front of him because they were made of seasoned timber and would not bend, looked as though he might like to lose an arm or two piloting war-ships.

Leading out to the left are the rooms of the Assistant Secretary. Here Mr. Roosevelt was winding up his affairs in the department, and preparing for his anticipated departure to the seat of active war. Occasionally a big bronze-faced fellow would drop in to see him, and such unmarinerlike questions as "Can you ride a horse?" would fall from the lips of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Roosevelt's desk, which appears in the illustration, is interesting from the fact that it was built for Assistant-Secretary Fox during Gideon Wells's time. It is ornamented with carvings in relief of Monitors, cannon, etc., and is piled high with papers and maps.

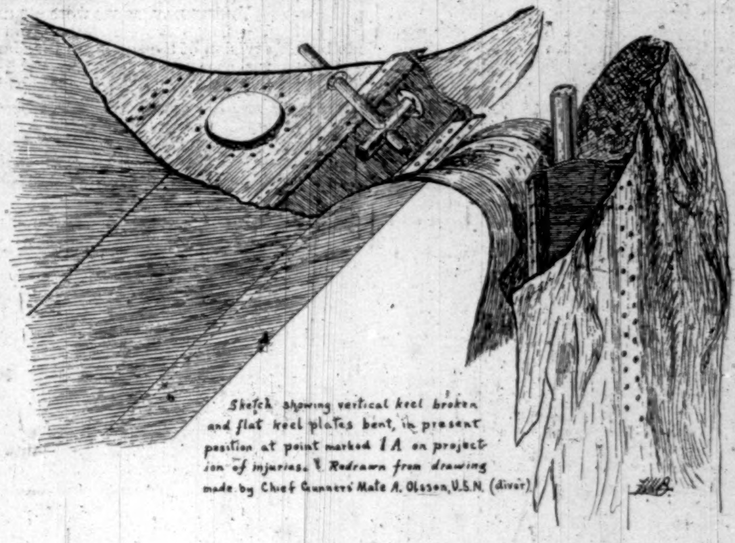
One has only to look at that desk to read the character of the man behind it. His restless energy, flying off in all directions, yet persistent, is shown in his surroundings as well as in his actions.

It would hardly seem necessary for a man who does most of his office-work on his feet to go to the front to find active service; he renders that to the government wherever it puts him.

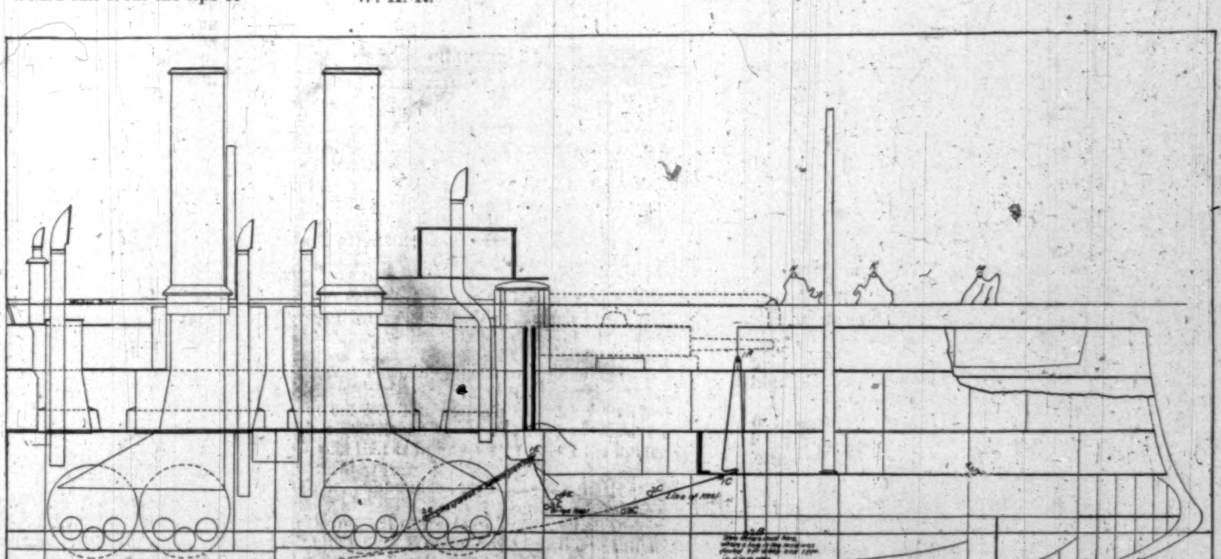
If the visitor succeeds in passing Secretary Long's picket-line he will find the Secretary calmly seated in a room that differs as much from Mr. Roosevelt's as a New England farm-house does from a Western ranch. Not a paper out of its pigeon-hole except the one on which the Secretary is immediately engaged. Out in the corridors and on the stairways messenger-boys are waiting or skurrying out to their bicycles. News-gatherers, Senators, retired naval officers, even an occasional old Jacky are to be seen pouring in and out in a constant stream.

Altogether, the Navy Department is a busy place in these days.

W. A. R.



Sketch showing vertical keel broken and flat keel plates bent, in present position at point marked 1 A on projection of injuries. Redrawn from drawing made by Chief Gunners' Mate A. Olsson, U.S.N. (diver)



PROJECTION SHOWING PRESENT POSITION OF BOW AND KEEL OF THE "MAINE."

Redrawn by Naval-Cadet H. C. Mustin from Draft made by Ensign W. V. N. Powelson, from Data obtained by him under direction of the Court of Inquiry.

THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

DESPATCH-BOAT "KANAPAHA."
FROM HAVANA TO KEY WEST, *Saturday, April 23.*

AFTER weeks of waiting and many false rumors of war and of peace, a few lines came on Thursday afternoon which created more excitement and hurrying about and to and fro than Key West has seen for many a day, if ever. The "rocking-chair fleet," that have been discussing the situation and giving opinions, and taking it easy meanwhile for so long, were awakened as by magic, and there was a wild rush to pack up and be off. "On to Havana!" was the cry, and in half an hour the hotel had been emptied of newspaper men and navy officers, while launches and cutters were pulling and puffing from ships to the landing with unwonted vigor. Soon the greater part of the ships were pouring out black smoke from their funnels and hoisting up boats preparatory to getting under way.

We were the first despatch-boat to leave, and went out to the flag-ship to learn, if possible, when the fleet would move; and about midnight half of them began moving out, so we immediately followed and went out, anchoring near the flag-ship to wait further movement.

It was a beautiful night, with every star shining brightly in the calm sky, and the sea seemed to forget its usual habits around here, and lapped gently by; while the ships flashed their search-lights and opened and shut their red and white signal-lights, saying lots of things one could not understand. Morning came, and at daylight we were moving out, the *New York* (flag-ship) leading the way, and the torpedo-boats and light cruisers guarding the ends of the line.

Soon after six o'clock a strange steamer appeared, bound up the coast and crossing the bows of the fleet. The little *Nashville* started after her, and when she showed Spanish colors spurted up to her, firing a blank shot at first, to which the Spaniard paid no attention, only ran the harder; but a six-pound solid shot beautifully fired across his bows, and skipping the water for a mile beyond him, changed the views of the captain, and the Spanish flag came down on the run and the engines reversed instanter. This was the first shot of the war, and we were fortunately close at hand to see the whole thing. The *Nashville* ran close up to her prize, and a boarding-party took possession. She proved to be the *Buena Ventura*, with a deck-load of lumber and a general cargo. Ensign Magruder, with a prize crew, took charge of her, and the *Nashville* convoyed her capture into Key West. The fleet were keeping right on all this time, except for the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, which stood by the *Nashville* for a time, and then scurried off after the rest. Key West was seventeen miles away, but we decided to run in and report events, so back we went, sending a boat ashore with despatches, and starting off immediately to rejoin the fleet, which we did not see anything of, however, nor any signs of life in the breezy run across the Gulf, until about 5 P.M., when we came up with the *Cincinnati*, which had just stopped the Norwegian bark *Jomf Ruland*, bound out from Havana. Lieutenant Craven boarded her, and after ascertaining her cargo and destination, allowed her to proceed. The fleet by this time was in full sight, and we were looked over by a nimble torpedo-boat off in the distance, which satisfied herself very soon that we were all right. The *Porter* was seen pouring out black smoke as she hurried off after a sail on the dim horizon. In half an hour we joined the fleet cruising slowly about off the city of Havana, whose lights could be plainly seen. We made out the lights of a steamer coming out, and the *Wilmington* and torpedo-boat *Ericsson* promptly put after her and brought her to. She proved to be the German steamer *Remus*, and was allowed to proceed.

As the darkness deepened the ships were lost entirely in the gloom, and except for the occasional flashing of signal-lights, nothing could be seen; and as we clung to the bridge railing as the steamer rolled in the choppy Gulf seas, the city lights, only a few miles away, seemed quite cheerful. Did the Havanese know they were blockaded? Apparently not until later in the evening, for about eleven o'clock Morro light suddenly went out, and a number of heavy guns were fired, eight shots in all, and perhaps at us, as we were the nearest vessel in to the shore.

We were not able to find the flag-ship among the others, and much speculation ensued as to her whereabouts. This morning, however, she was back among the fleet, which are rolling and pitching about at a great rate, especially the *Wilmington*, that can roll faster and further than any ship in the navy, except her twin, the *Helena*.

After some delay we managed to communicate with the *New York*, and learned that she had chased the Spanish liner *Pedro* the evening before, and after a hot run of nearly forty miles, brought her to off Matanzas. She was promptly confiscated, and put in charge of Lieutenant Capehart and a prize crew of four marines and eight sailors, and taken into Key West. The *Ericsson*, Lieutenant Usher, captured a Spanish coasting-schooner early this morning, and she is jumping about now at the stern of the *Cincinnati*.

It seems to be the intention now to blockade the island, and so far as could be learned the blockading squadrons will be divided as follows:

Off Havana will be the *New York, Iowa, Wilmington, Helena, Dolphin, Mayflower. Vesuvius, Ericsson*, and *Porter*. Off Mariel will be the *Nashville, Castine*, and some auxiliary cruisers to come. Off Matanzas will be the *Amphitrite, Cincinnati, Du Pont, Winslow*, and some auxiliary cruisers to come later. Off Cardenas, the *Newport, Machias, Cushing, Foote*, and auxiliaries. A special squadron, whose destination is not as yet known, will consist of the *Indiana, Marblehead, Detroit*, and *Mangrove*; which has recently been turned over from the Treasury Department, and refitted and armed as a small cruiser. Most of the ships are on the ground or within a few hours of steaming of their stations. This still leaves the *Puritan* and *Terror* as reserve vessels. The *Puritan* arrived off Havana as we were leaving. The *Terror* is still at Key West.

Too much praise cannot be given to the torpedo officers and men. They never seem to rest, and for nervy and skilful work one such day and night as has passed on the blockade proves their mettle. We may look for exciting events in the near future, and ships and men are ready for what may come.

AT SEA, *Sunday morning, April 24.*

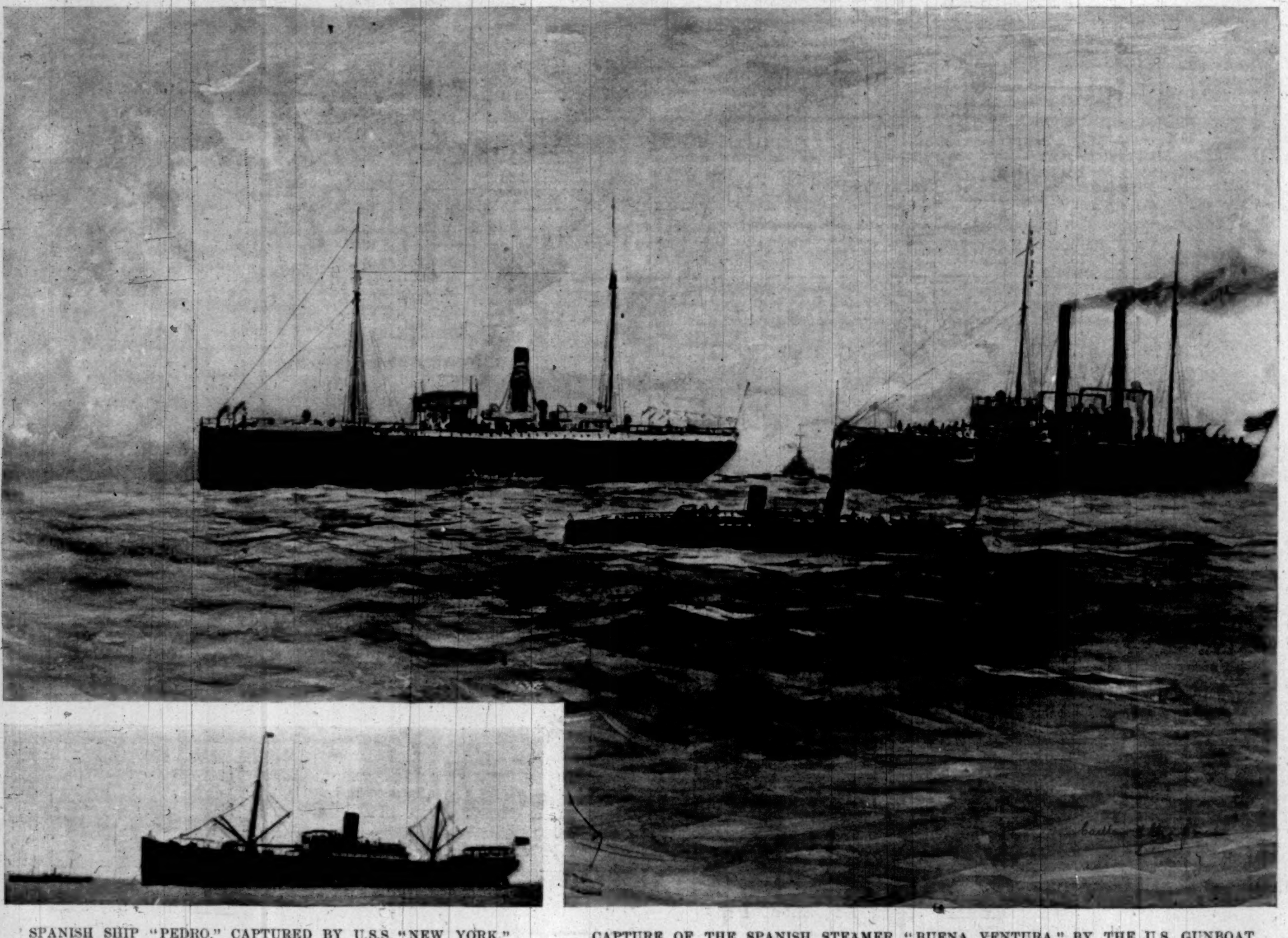
YESTERDAY, as we were about leaving the fleet for Key West, signals were shown from the flag-ship ordering the division of the squadron for Mariel, Cardenas, and Matanzas, as reported yesterday. All were under way and moving in an extended line, the ships to the eastward being the *New York, Cincinnati, Wilmington*, and *Marblehead*. The *Cincinnati* being some distance in advance, was seen to turn suddenly, signalling a chase, and, later, the strange vessel to be a man-of-war. Full speed was ordered, the crews called to quarters, and the entire squadron was soon in full pursuit. The *Cincinnati* was the first to come up with the stranger, followed closely by the *Marblehead, New York*, and *Wilmington*. She proved to be an Italian cruiser, instead of a Spaniard, and proceeded on her way. The torpedo-boat *Porter*, Lieutenant Fremont, soon afterward took a Spanish coasting schooner loaded with 100 tons of sugar, and sent her into Key West. This morning early the torpedo-boat *Cushing* and gunboat *Wilmington* picked up two more schooners; one of them, the *Candida*, had a deck-load of charcoal in bags, and was brought up in tow of the *Wilmington*; the other capture had not arrived near enough to be ascertained when we left, following in the wake of the *New York*, which, just at this time, seven o'clock A.M., had made out a large merchant-steamer coming up at full speed, followed by the *Detroit*. A gun from the *New York* brought her to at once, when it was discovered that she was already in possession of Ensign Hurley H. Christy and a prize crew of sixteen men from the *Detroit*. We went alongside and found her to be the fine steamer *Catalina*, of Cadiz, bound from New Orleans to Havana and Spanish ports, with a general cargo in her hold, and a special cargo on her promenade deck of eighty crates of chickens, that, being American, cackled joyously from under the awnings, while the blue-jackets and marines walking the deck smiled cheerfully with visions of chicken dinners and prize-money, and the late captain looked gloomily at us from the bridge he could no longer command.

The *Catalina* is a fine steamer of about 5000 tons, and easily valued at a half-million dollars. She was first sighted about 3 A.M., and brought to twelve miles northwest from Morro Castle.

The fleet now off Havana are the *New York, Indiana, Marblehead, Wilmington, Mangrove*, and the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Cushing*, cruising up and down about twelve miles off Morro light, the hills and valleys showing beautifully blue in the morning light.

AT SEA, *Monday night, April 25, 1898.*

THIS morning at five o'clock we came up with the ships again, and followed the *New York* on a run to the eastward half-way to Matanzas. We hoped the expected troop-ship from Porto Rico might be the chase, but it proved to be of no importance, and at nine o'clock we were again off Havana, where the *Hornet* and *Eagle*, auxiliary cruisers, arrived and joined the fleet. They brought over some sailors and marines from the prize crews of the captured steamers at Key West, who reported on board the flag-ship. The *Helena* came over soon after, having re-coaled at Key West after her long run to the south, where she picked up the fine Spanish steamer *Miguel Joval*, of 5500 tons, and brought her into port Sunday morning. Soon after noon, the *New York* moving in toward the land, we ran some distance farther in to have a better look at a small fort which appeared on the top of a high hill a half-mile back from the shore. As we kept steadily on, wondering if the place was deserted, a few soldiers came out, and while we were expecting that they would fire at us, the entire garrison decamped, a dozen or more galloping off on horseback, while the balance dropped out of



SPANISH SHIP "PEDRO," CAPTURED BY U.S.S. "NEW YORK," APRIL 22.

CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH STEAMER "BUENA VENTURA," BY THE U.S. GUNBOAT "NASHVILLE," 17 MILES OFF KEY WEST, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 22.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

sight over the hill. We had a good look at the place, which seemed to be a well built and planned fortification on the sun-baked hill-side, with a straight road leading up, and some beautiful palms and mango-trees near the shore, the green water shoaling up to a white sandy beach. Promptly on turning away, the soldiers came back on the hill-top; but as they supposed us an armed vessel, they were quite as much afraid of us as we might have been of them.

During the afternoon the *Wilmington* came up with a captured schooner loaded with raw sugar.

Soon after six o'clock, Morro Castle being in plain sight, a steamer was seen coming out, which we immediately started after. The *New York*, the only ship of the fleet close at hand, did not seem to notice her, and we had caught up with the stranger, which flew the British flag, and had a lot of people on board, who waved to us, but they would not answer our hail, and kept on at a high speed. The *New York* was then seen to be coming up with a great wave at her bows, so we ranged alongside and awaited developments. Soon a blank shot was fired from the *New York*, and then a solid shot whistled across the water. The English captain, apparently, did not want to stop, and a third shot was fired so near that it had the desired effect, and the *Lucienne* of London came to a stop. We inquired for news from Havana, and there was a great chattering in Spanish from a crowd of passengers, who furnished us with some copies of *La Lucha* of to-day's issue. After being boarded and notified officially of the blockade, the *Lucienne* proceeded on her way, giving an unwilling salute in token of her objection to being stopped.

I give you some extracts from the paper of this date, showing the state of feeling and latest news in Havana:

(From *La Lucha*, Havana, April 25.)

FALSE NEWS.

All rumors that have recently circulated in regard to a possible bombardment of this city are without foundation, and we will advise our readers promptly when a bombardment is likely to occur. The enemy in sight, the blockade follows. There they are.

They continue to-day within range of our batteries—which it is impossible for them to pass—these monstrous battle-ships, these enormous "baby whales" which McKinley has sent us in order to deprive us of sustenance, and in the belief that they will throw us into a panic, without knowing that their presence there fills us with enthusiasm, gives us courage, incites us to the combat. If they have not done us violence, it is only because the desired instant has not arrived, because they have not put themselves in the desired position to start the ball rolling. They decide to please us for once, these satellites of "Uncle Sam"; they shoot over our fortresses, where there are 1000 cannon and 100,000 rifles to confound the foreign invader, under the title of conqueror, as if we were living in the fifteenth century; pretend to precipitately carry off this possession which we hold with so good a title.

The enemy's squadron which we have in sight is composed, according to information which we have, of the following ships: *Indiana*, *Brooklyn*, *Raleigh*, and *New York*, all armored; three torpedo-boat-destroyers, and three torpedo-boats; besides a hospital-ship, another merchant ship (according to the Associated Press), and two yachts.

GENERAL BLANCO.

Yesterday afternoon General Blanco in his coach of state, accompanied by his Adjutant, Colonel Higrera, and his chief of staff, General Louis N. Depando, and by his Adjutant Captain Don Francisco, visited all the shore batteries and minutely inspected the fortifications.

THE BLOCKADE IS BROKEN.

The steamer *Avilies* coming from Baracoa, Sagua de Tanamo, and Nuevitas, and the steamer *Cosma de Herera* coming from Sagua la Grande, arrived at this port without news, and without seeing anything of importance in their respective voyages. Both ships, knowing about the blockade established by the American squadron, came with all the precaution which the case demanded, hugging the coast like sticking-plaster, preferring running aground to being captured. It is worthy of notice that these two ships, being of much less speed than they ought to have, and which it is supposed that the American war-ships have, there is no doubt that they have broken the blockade which the Americans have undertaken to establish. Worthy of all praise are the captains of these two ships, like all of the captains of the ships of the celebrated Companie de Sobrinos de Herera. They know every hand of our northern coast, and they have an elevated conception of duty, and of the superior valor, civic and personal, needed to make a front to everybody. (*Para hacer frente á todo.*) They never shirk danger, and threats never fill them with terror; they are Spaniards, and they are good patriots.

THE TROOPS.

The troops were ready for duty at the posts to which they were assigned, and which they occupied on Friday night; but there was no necessity for their services during the day or night of Saturday.

The corps of volunteers, with equal enthusiasm and faith in the triumph of the cause which they defend, abandoned in great numbers, for the good of their country, some their labors, others their families, and the greater part of them their situations.

THE SQUADRON.

All day Saturday the American squadron was seen at a great distance from the port—eight ships could be seen with the naked eye.

REMOVED THEMSELVES.

As the night was falling the squadron moved away until lost to sight.

MORRO CASTLE.

The quarters of the signal operators and lookouts are now concealed from the enemy. The lantern is burning as usual, but it illuminates the harbor only.

CLOUDY.

Dense clouds obscured the horizon on Sunday morning, but at eight o'clock they began to disperse, and there was seen on the horizon one ship alone of great size—certainly the largest of the American squadron.

IN DARKNESS.

None of the lamps located at the foot of the streets of San Lazaro were lighted on the nights of Saturday and Sunday.

Also the electric lights in the parks and at the foot of Vedado were left unlighted.

GENERAL AVOALIS.

This valiant officer does not cease to give orders nor to visit the points from which an invincible resistance will be made to the enemy.

FROM PORTO RICO.

We are assured that nothing new has occurred in Porto Rico, and that no American squadron has appeared there, in spite of reports from New York.

TWO CHIEFS.

In spite of occupying two important civic posts in this community, the well-appreciated señores Garcia del Gado and Mendizabal, Lieutenant-Colonel and comandante of infantry, asked the government to accept their services. The General-in-Chief acceded to such patriotism, and already they are in command of forces of the army outside this capital.

CAPTURED SHIPS.

The Spanish ship *Pedro*, which left this port Friday afternoon *en route* to Santiago de Cuba, has been seized by the American squadron; also the coasting-schooner *Matilde*, loaded with sugar, from Sierra Morena.

GERMAN SCHOONERS.

Two American ships of war seized, at Cayo Français, two German schooners which were discharging charcoal, but released them a few minutes later.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

NO OTHER SO GOOD.

THE social life of the present century creates conditions of motherhood which many times prevent the natural supply of food for infants. No so-called infant food equals the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

ONE keep-well is worth a dozen get-betters. ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS keeps you well while you're getting better. ABBOTT'S—the old original genuine.—[*Adv.*]

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If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clean and soft and open and clear.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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Concerning Values in General

We shall have a great many special things to tell about during the next few weeks, and it may be well to have some matters perfectly understood between us.

It's a hard thing to fully appreciate a bargain without seeing the goods. About the only standard of judgment you have is the reduction from the "regular price." But there is probably no phrase in all advertising so much abused as that. It is so easy to tack on a few cents or dollars to the regular figures, and then announce the reduction with a flourish of trumpets. Exaggeration is so easy that the truthful advertisement sometimes sounds commonplace. And what we want you to understand (if you do not already understand it), is that our news stories are written *literally and truthfully*.

When we say "Half-Price," we mean one-half the figures at which we ourselves would sell the goods under ordinary conditions. "Regular price" is *our own* regular price.

Now we'd like you to send to us for practical examples of this policy. We are selling Silks (50c. to $1.00 a yard), Dress Goods, and Handkerchiefs at figures much below the regular prices.

We are selling Upholstery Goods, and especially Lace Curtains, at figures *very* much less than regular; but you must be quick to get any.

We have some below-the-usual figures on Wash Wrappers, Ribbons, and Hosiery, which it would pay you to investigate.

Write us about your needs. Samples cost only the price of a post-card.

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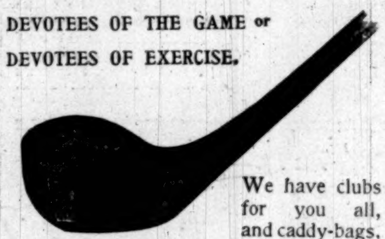

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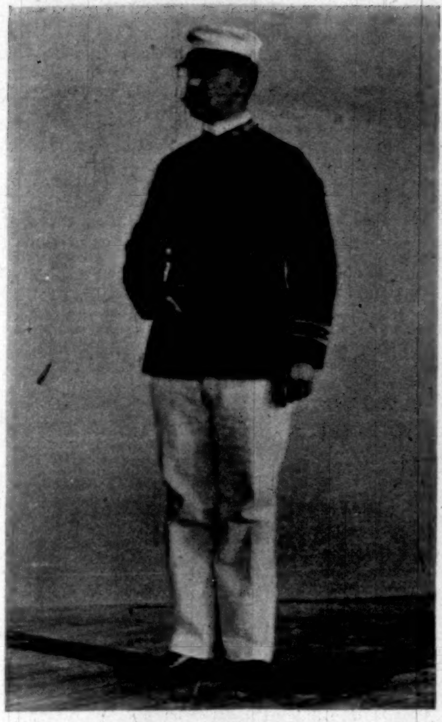

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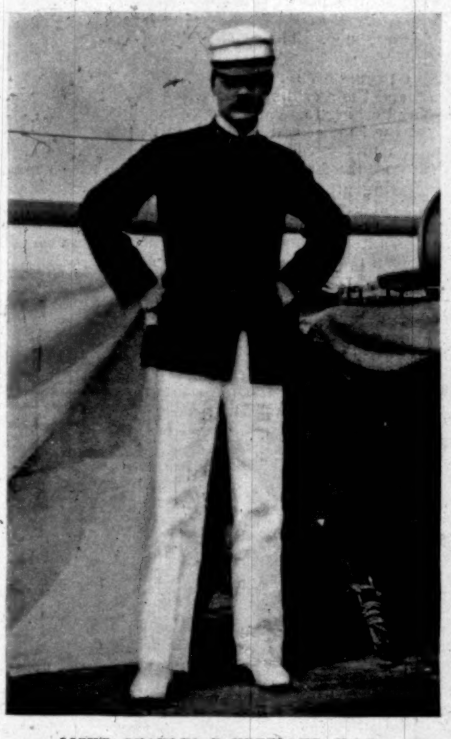

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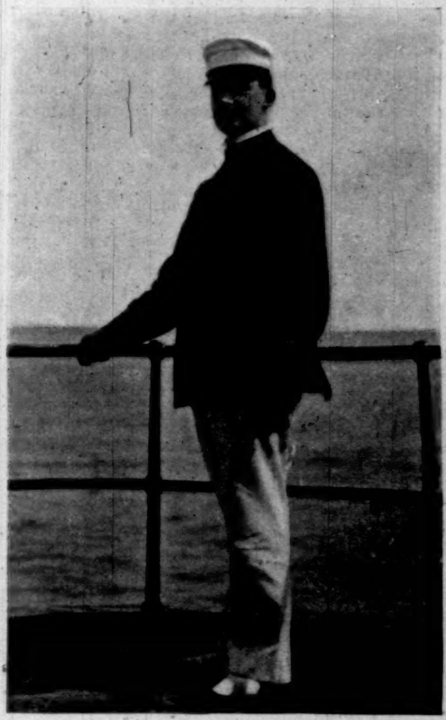

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EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF UNITED STATES NAVAL VESSELS WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

WASHINGTON.

May 2, 1898.

As these lines are written, the cable brings from unofficial but usually trustworthy sources a statement that Commodore Dewey, after demolishing the Spanish fleet off the mouth of the harbor of Manila, is shelling the shore defences of the city. It is further said that the British consul has gone out to the flag-ship to ascertain from the commodore the best terms he is willing to make for the capitulation of Manila. This mission, it is supposed, was undertaken ostensibly in behalf of the foreign residents in Manila, though winked at by the Spanish Governor-General, who foresees further disaster if resistance is needlessly prolonged, but who is willing to save the national pride by any subterfuge which will throw the main responsibility for surrender upon other than Spanish soldiers. The news has set Washington wild with excitement.

Not a little amusement has been caused in Washington by the discovery that Lieutenant Ramon de Carranza, a naval attaché of the late Spanish legation, had taken offence at the testimony given by Captain Sigsbee and Consul-General Lee concerning the *Maine* disaster, considering it a gross reflection upon the honor of the Spanish navy, and had challenged both gentlemen to mortal combat. The challenge sent to Captain Sigsbee reached his address after he had left Washington to take charge of his ship, and was opened by a member of his family, who, thinking it an excellent joke, pasted it in the household scrap-book. What became of the one addressed to General Lee is not known. As the period of eight days within which the challenged parties were to answer has passed, both of them are now doubtless posted as poltroons, after the most approved Spanish version of the code.

The third change in President McKinley's cabinet, foreshadowed in my letter of last week, occurred on April 26, when the President nominated William R. Day, of Ohio, for Secretary of State, to succeed John Sherman, resigned. Mr. Day's place as Assistant Secretary has been filled by the appointment of John Bassett Moore, Professor of International Law and Diplomacy in Columbia University, New York. The choice of Professor Moore is an extraordinary compliment, and thoroughly well merited. He is a Democrat who served as an Assistant Secretary under Mr. Bayard during the first Cleveland administration.

On the same day the President issued a proclamation declaring that Spanish vessels in our ports will be allowed in our waters until May 21 inclusive for loading and departing. Spanish ships met at sea will be permitted to continue their voyage if loaded before that time in the United States. Spanish vessels bound for this country which sailed prior to April 21 are to be exempt from capture, and allowed to discharge their cargoes. A neutral flag is to protect an enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

A bill introduced simultaneously in the House by Mr. Hull of Iowa and in the Senate by Mr. Hawley of Connecticut, for the reorganization of the regular army and the increase of its strength to 60,000 men in time of war, became a law on Tuesday. The Dingley bill to issue emergency bonds and raise revenue for carrying on the war was antagonized in the House by a substitute offered by the Democrats, proposing the levy of a tax of three per cent. on all incomes in excess of $2000, and to coin the seigniorage on the balance of the silver bullion purchased by the Treasury under the Sherman act. The income tax, it was suggested, would assure $100,000,000 a year, and the seigniorage would coin $42,000,000. The substitute was defeated by a strict party vote, and, after a debate lasting until Friday, the bill was passed by the House substantially as reported, by a vote of 181 to 131.

At the cabinet meeting on Friday, Secretary Gage explained his plan for making the new bond issue popular. Applications will be received at the 23,000 money-order post-offices, as well as at the national banks, and straw bidding will be shut out by requiring a deposit of two or three per cent. of the amount subscribed in each bid. It is proposed to distribute payments on the bonds over four monthly instalments, so as to prevent any disturbance of the money market; and the amount taken out of circulation will be very speedily put back by expenditures on the army and navy.

The War Department has chartered eight large steamers, of an average capacity of about 2000 tons, and able to carry from 500 to 1200 passengers each. These are the *Olivette* and the *Florida* of the Plant Line; the Southern Pacific Company's *Aransas*; the New York and Texas Company's *Comal* and *Malamo*; The Merchants' and Mariners' vessels, the *Alleghany* and the *Berkshire*, and the *Decatur Miller*. The price paid for these vessels is from $10,000 to $15,000 for the thirty days for which they are to be engaged. They will be used to transport troops for the first land invasion of Cuba, which is shortly to be made under General Shafter to establish a base of supplies on the Cuban coast, and carry arms, munitions, and food to the insurgent army, with which arrangements are to be made for military co-operation.

The government is keeping a very strict watch upon private correspondence between this country and Spain and Cuba. All letters for Spain are stopped at the New York post-office, through which they must pass in getting out of this country. Postmasters everywhere have been warned by the Postmaster-General to seize letters addressed to either Spain or Cuba, and turn them over to the commandant of the nearest army post, who is to open and read them.

With the telegraph similar precautions have been taken. No private cipher messages, or messages consisting of a single word, or messages written in other languages than French, German, and English, are permitted to pass between the United States and any part of the West Indies.

Captain W. J. Lloyd, a telegraphic expert commissioned to assist in the work of equipping a large captive balloon to be used by the Navy Department in following the movement of Spanish war-ships, has procured in Chicago a generator capable of producing from 350,000 to 400,000 cubic feet of gas in twenty-four hours. It is the only one of its kind in the United States, and will be shipped to Governors Island at once. The balloon will rise to the height of 2500 feet, and will be held by a wire cable, which will be used also for telegraphic purposes. It is calculated that on a clear day, with powerful glasses, it will be possible to scan the horizon from the balloon for a radius of fifty or sixty miles.

Finally, the government has arranged for the purchase of several hundred homing pigeons, trained to make long journeys in quick time. They will be used in connection with the signal service. Francis E. Leupp.

CHICKAMAUGA.

Daybreak at Cumberland Gap, where the Kentucky feudsmen are rallying to the call of a mountain Congressman; thence slowly, like a wounded snake, between the hills and through a snow-storm of blossoming dogwood, to hear in civilization at Knoxville that screech of triumph over the capture of a pile of lumber, and to pray that, if somebody be decreed a sound and just thrashing, we shall give it with dignity and in silence. Knoxville had some cause, to be sure. Captain Maynard was a Knoxville man. And yet not all of that city was jubilant; one citizen was pointed out to me who was not happy. He was the owner of the lumber, also, oddly enough, a Knoxville man.

Swiftly, then, through stations thronged with eager countrymen, into river valley and lowland, and at sunset into the glory of a Southern spring, and—Chickamauga! Chickamauga, where certain gallant Americans once fiercely fought certain other gallant Americans forward and back over some six thousand acres of creek-bottom and wooded hills, and where Uncle Sam to-day is pitching tents for his war-children—children, too, of those old enemies, but ready now to fight together, and as near shoulder to shoulder as the modern line of battle will allow.

That night in Chattanooga: on the streets gray slouched hats everywhere—hats with little brass crosses that were not symbols of religion, crossed rifles, crossed sabres, tiny crossed cannon; men with the red cross of the hospital service on their sleeves; troopers with big pistols and belts of big gleaming cartridges; soldiers white and black; soldiers everywhere, some swaggering and ogling and loud of voice, but nearly all quiet, orderly, well-behaved.

Thronging the hotel lobbies, the officers in uniform—the same slouched hats, but severely plain; the same symbols, but braided on the coat collar in gold; the same legs, but striped with yellow, with white, and with red; the gray veterans of horse, of infantry, of artillery; company officers in from the Western service, quiet young men with strong bronzed faces and keen eyes, renewing old friendships and swapping experiences on the plains. Subalterns down to the last graduating class from West Point, eager young fellows with slim waists, and nothing to swap yet other than memories of the old school on the Hudson. And none garrulous of their senior officers save in loyal praise, and none other than modest and beautifully reticent about their own past deeds, and the deeds to be done in the war with Spain. Sunday there was a general movement to Chickamauga from General Brooke down—from town and hotel to tents in the old camping-ground; and Sunday was a vast local holiday for a swarm of curious civilians to the same spot; for hundreds of miles around: on train, farm-wagon, spring-wagon, buggy, horseback, foot; on bicycle, in open landau, carriage, cart; in express-wagons, baggage-wagons, omnibuses; in barges with projecting additions and other land craft beyond classification or description. And the people! Rich whites, whites well-to-do, and poor white trash; good country folks, valley-farmers, farmers from spurs and table-lands; subjects from the "Kingdom of Dude"; Craddock's mountaineers and Harris's crackers; darkies, and the motley feminine horde that the soldier draws the world over—all moving along a road between Lookout on the right and Missionary Ridge on the left, and interspersed here and there with a clanking troop of horse or a rumbling battery—all anxious to look upon these long-neglected war-children who seem now in a fair way to come to their own at last. And the darkies—how they flocked and how they stared at their soldier brethren with pathetic worship, unspeakable admiration, and, now and then, with a resentment that was most curious! And how these dusky sons of Mars drank deep into their broad nostrils the incense thus wafted them from hedge and highway!

All day troops were arriving and all day little villages of canvas were springing out of the green earth—old-fashioned army tents for the officers and marked by fluttering guidons; conical walled tents, a modification of the Sibley tent, that holds sixteen men of infantry or sixteen troopers lying like the spokes of a wheel, and with heads out like a covey of partridges; and "cunning little" shelter tents—"dog tents," as the soldiers call them—all of them laid out in streets, which, in the camp of the trooper, were distinguished by a row of horses tethered to a long rope that runs from stake to stake in front of the white wigwams—an idea, I understand, that was borrowed from the Indians.

Cannon and caisson took position at the northern end of the park under Majors Lancaster and Dillenbeck, of the Fourth Artillery and the First, respectively; the infantry gathered on the southern limits under Colonel Burt of the Twenty-fifth and Colonel Bates of the Second; while the cavalry, under Colonel Sumner of the Sixth and Colonel Henry of the Tenth, took the middle ground between. At least this seemed at first to be the broad plan of encampment. Later arrivals of infantry and cavalry took very many exceptions in favor of better ground. Sunday was a day of rest. Monday everybody got ready for work. Tuesday everybody tried to keep dry. Work began in earnest Wednesday. John Fox, Jr.

THE WAR DREAMS.

At the place far from Washington where the gray, stripped war-ships swing on the tide, and toward which the troop-trains hurry, there is no thought of peace. The shore is a dusty, smelly bit of sandy coral, and the houses in this town are built like snare-drums; they are dismal thoroughly, and the sun makes men sweat, and wish to God they were somewhere else.

But the men in the blue uniforms are young, and Madame Beaulieu, who keeps the restaurant, strives to please, so it came to pass that I attended one of these happy-go-lucky banquets. The others were artillery officers, men from off the ships, with a little sprinkle of cavalry and infantry just for salt. They were brothers, and yellow-jack—hellish heat—bullets, and the possibility of getting mixed up in a mass of exploding iron had been discounted long back in their schoolboy days perhaps. Yet they are not without sentiment, and are not even callous to all these, as will be seen, though men are different and do not think alike—less, even, when they dream.

"Do you know, I had a dream last night," said a naval officer.

"So did I."

"So did I," was chorussed by the others.

"Well, well!" I said. "Tell your dreams. Mr. H——, begin."

"Oh, it was nothing much. I dreamed that I was rich and old, and had a soft stomach, and I very much did not want to die. It was a curious sort of feeling, this very old and rich business, since I am neither, nor even now do I want to die, which part was true in my dream.

"I thought I was standing on the bluffs overlooking the Nile. I saw people skating, when suddenly numbers of hippopotamuses—great masses of them—broke up through the ice and began swallowing the people. This was awfully real to me. I even saw Mac there go down one big throat as easily as a cocktail. Then they came at me in a solid wall. I was crazed with fear—I fled. I could not run; but coming suddenly on a pile of old railroad iron, I quickly made a bicycle out of two car-wheels, and flew. A young hippo more agile than the rest made himself a bike also, and we scorched on over the desert. My strength failed; I despaired and screamed—then I woke up. Begad, this waiting and waiting in this fleet is surely doing things to me!"

The audience laughed, guyed, and said let's have some more dreams, and other things. This dream followed the other things, and he who told it was an artilleryman:

"My instincts got tangled up with one of those Key West shrimp salads, I reckon; but war has no terrors for a man who has been through my last midnight battle. I dreamed I was superintending two big 12-inch guns which were firing on an enemy's fleet. I do not know where this was. We got out of shot, but we seemed to have plenty of powder. The fleet kept coming on, and I had to do something, so I put an old superannuated sergeant in the gun. He pleaded, but I said he was old, the case was urgent, it did not matter how one died for his country, etc.—so we put the dear old sergeant in the gun and fired him at the fleet. Then the battle became hot. I loaded soldiers in the guns and fired them out to sea, until I had no more soldiers. Then I began firing citizens. I ran out of citizens. But there were Congressmen around somewhere there in my dreams, and though they made speeches of protest to me under the five-minute rule, I promptly loaded them in, and touched them off in their turn. The fleet was pretty hard-looking by this time, but still in the ring. I could see the foreign sailors picking pieces of Congressmen from around the breech-blocks, and the officers were brushing their clothes with their handkerchiefs. I was about to give up, when I thought of the Key West shrimp salad. One walked conveniently up to me, and I loaded her in. With a last convulsive yank I pulled the lock-string, and the fleet was gone with my dream."

"How do cavalrymen dream, Mr. B——?" was asked of a yellow-leg.

"Oh, our dreams are all strictly professional, too. I was out with my troop, being drilled by a big fat officer on an enormous horse. He was very red-faced, and crazy with rage at us. He yelled like one of those siren-whistles out there in the fleet.

"He said we were cowards and would not fight. So he had a stout picket-fence made, about six feet high, and then, forming us in line, he said no cavalry was any good which could be stopped by any obstacle. Mind you, he yelled it at us like the siren. He said the Spaniards would not pay any attention to such cowards. Then he gave the order to charge, and we flew into the fence. We rode at the fence pell-mell—into it dashed our horses, while we sabred and shouted. Behind us now came the big colonel—very big he was now, with great red wings—saying, above all the din, 'You shall never come back—you shall never come back!' and I was squeezed tighter and tighter by him up to this fence until I awoke; and now I have changed my cocktail to a plain vermouth."

When appealed to, the infantry officer tapped the table with his knife thoughtfully: "My dream was not so tragic; it was a moral strain; but I suffered greatly while it lasted. Somehow I was in command of a company of raw recruits, and was in some trenches which we were constructing under fire. My recruits were not like soldiers—they were not young men. They were past middle age, mostly fat, and many had white side whiskers after the fashion of the funny papers when they draw banker types. I had a man shot, and the recruits all got around me; they were pleading and crying to be allowed to go home.

"Now I never had anything in the world but my pay, and am pretty well satisfied as men go in the world, but I suppose the American does not breathe who is averse to possessing great wealth himself; so when one man said he would give me $1,000,000 in gold if I would let him go, I stopped to think. Here is where I suffered so keenly. I wanted the million, but I did not want to let him go.

"Then these men came up, one after the other, and offered me varying sums of money to be allowed to run away—and specious arguments in favor of the same. I was now in agony. D—n it! that company was worth nearly a hundred million dollars to me if I would let them take themselves off. I held out, but the strain was horrible. Then they began to offer me their daughters—they each had photographs of the most beautiful American girls—dozens and dozens of American girls, each one of which was a 'peach.' Say, fellows, I could stand the millions. I never did 'gig' on the money, but I took the photographs, said, 'Give me your girls, and pull your freight!' and my company disappeared instantly. Do you blame a man stationed in Key West for it—do you, fellows?"

"Not by a d——d sight!" sang the company, on its feet.

"Well, you old marine, what did you dream?"

"My digestion is so good that my dreams have no red fire in them. I seldom do dream; but last night, it seems to me, I recall having a wee bit of a dream. I don't know that I can describe it, but I was looking very intently at a wet spot on the breast of a blue uniform coat. I thought they were tears—woman's tears. I don't know whether it was a dream or whether I really did see it."

"Oh, d—n your dreams!" said the Doctor. "What is that bloody old Congress doing from last reports?"

Frederic Remington.

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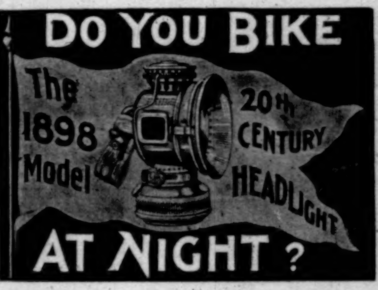

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Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$1,994,465.31
Cash on hand and in bank,	1,355,412.83
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,906,610.72
Interest accrued but not due,	227,730.38
Loans on collateral security,	945,400.94
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,106,580.51
Deferred Life Premiums,	299,990.19
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	228,448.75
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,612,646.78
Railroad stocks and bonds,	4,664,205.75
Bank stocks,	1,064,047.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,449,455.00
Total Assets,	$22,868,994.16

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$16,650,062.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,365,817.22
Present value, Instalment Life Policies,	426,288.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	299,066.30
Losses unadjusted,	269,794.94
Life Premiums paid in advance,	25,330.58
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$3,722,635.12
Surplus to Stockholders,	$2,722,635.12

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$91,882,210.00
New Life Insurance written in 1897,	14,507,249.00

Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	1,235,585.39
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	13,150,350.57

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1897,	15,611
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	307,990
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	$1,381,906.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	21,210,095.96
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	$2,617,492.20
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	34,360,446.53

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.
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